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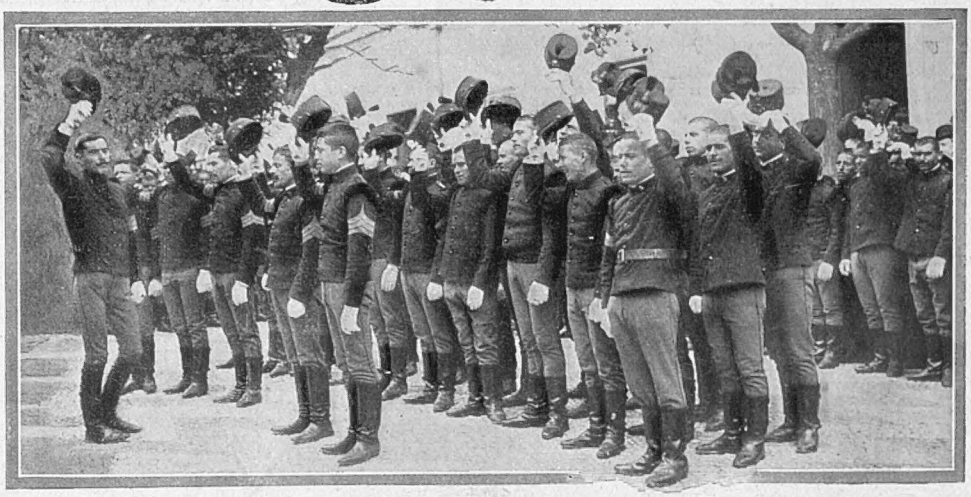
No. 358.—Vol. XXVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 12, 1910 [With Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Boissonnas and Taponier*

AMÉLIE, QUEEN OF SORROWS

The most tragic figure among European Royalties is Queen Amélie, the mother of King Manoel, late of Portugal. She is the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. She saw her husband and eldest son killed while vainly endeavouring to protect them. Now her younger son, Manoel, has been dethroned

The World's Pageant



"Viva a Republica": The First Incident of the Portuguese Revolution
Was the entry of Republicans into the barracks of the city to fraternise with the soldiers and fire shots in salutation of the Republic

Concerning This Number

THE considerable bulk of this issue is due to the inclusion of our annual Hunting Supplement. This I trust readers of all kinds will deem to be an adequate treatment of an old English sport which bids fair to revive rather than to decay as a result of modern conditions. Otherwise the issue is much the same as usual—none the worse, I hope!

The Expected Happens

The Portuguese Revolution was startling only because of the sudden manner of its announcement. Intelligent people had suspected its imminence long ago. THE BYSTANDER prophesied it in precise terms in our issue of March 23 last, and long and windy were the letters of protest we received from correspondents at our "libellous" references to Portuguese politics. Yet there it is. The expected has happened, but once again we have all been taken by storm. The marvel is, of course, that Portugal, with the example of France and South America before her, did not become a Republic long ago. It is all very well for some of our papers to pretend that the fall of the House of Braganza is a mere domestic affair of Portugal. The fall of a throne, after being cheapened and discredited in the eyes of a country, is always a thing to weep over, and the shock of the concussion cannot but seriously affect the nerves of neighbouring monarchies.

King Manoel's Indiscretion

King Manoel, in view of the fate of his father and brother, was called on to play a difficult rôle. Above all was it necessary to sustain the dignity of his Royal office. His people were in a serious state of mind about their mode of government, and that they retained King Manoel at all, after the assassinations of 1908, was largely due to sentimentality. Whatever the real truth about the King and a certain French actress, it was unwise of him to allow the impression to get abroad that he had a frivolous nature. A little more of Wilhelm II. and a little less of Alfonso was wanted in the Portuguese Sovereign. These jolly boys, with their merry smiles, their sports, and their escapades, go down well enough in the London illustrated papers, but their poverty-stricken subjects sooner or later grow irritated with them. King Alfonso has a very difficult course to steer. Fortunately, he has a strong Prime Minister to look after things for him.

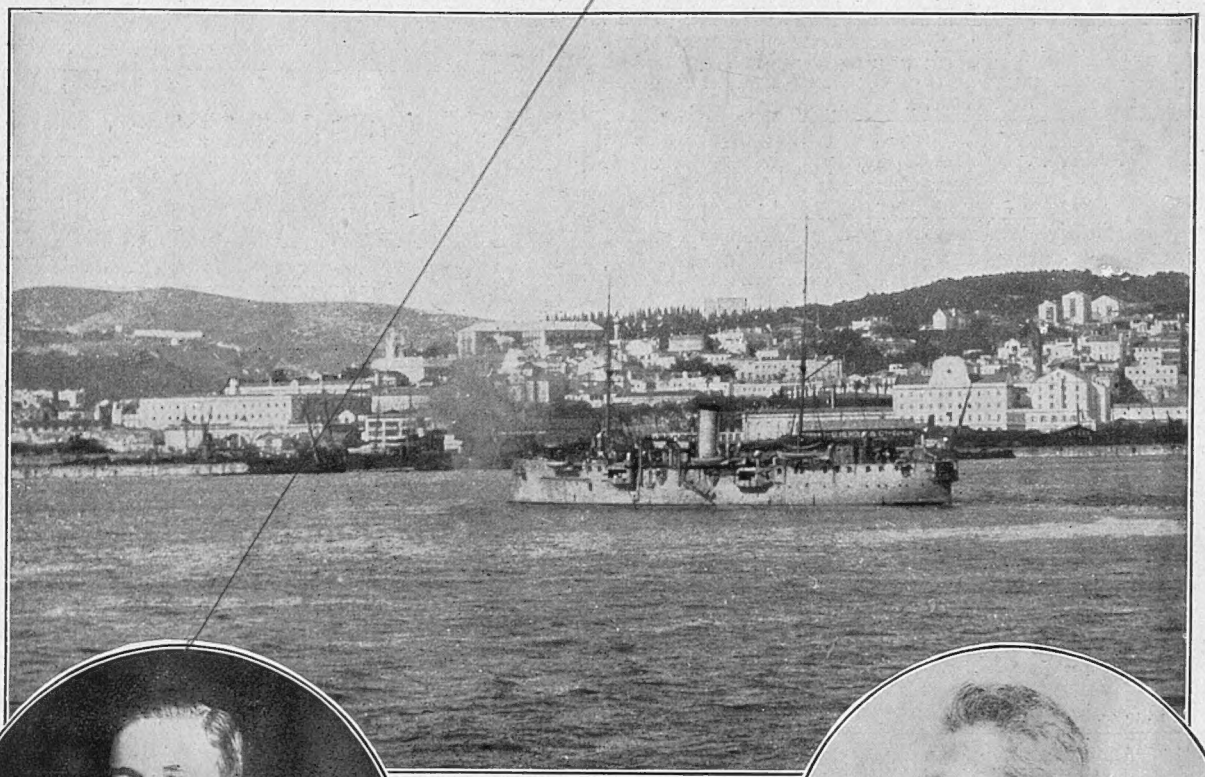
Friends in Fair Weather and Foul
King Alfonso did not desert his boy friend in the hour of need. It is stated that, at the moment of the bombardment of the Palace in which Manoel was, the Spanish Ambassador in Lisbon warned the revolutionaries that if the King were harmed Spanish troops would cross the frontier. Manoel thereupon was allowed to escape in safety, and is reported to be about to take up his residence in Spain

The Effect on World-Politics

But it is not Spain alone that is affected by the upheaval. I believe the whole of world-politics are going to be changed as a result of the event of October 4. The question of the future is the Admiralty of the Atlantic, and in that struggle the new Portuguese Republic, with her Colonies, and her blood-ties with Brazil, will play no small part. It behoves "Sir Grey" to be as watchful over the Germans as he is intellectually capable of being, or there will be a repetition of the Turkish trickery. Attempts by Germany to ingratiate herself with whatever authority rules in Lisbon, and to make mischief between that authority and England, may be looked for immediately.

Portugal's Quiet Little Revolution

A FEW SHOTS FIRED, BUT OTHERWISE A "PURELY PHILOSOPHIC" AFFAIR



REBEL GUNBOATS FIRING ON THE ROYAL PALACE OF THE NECESSIDADES AND BOMBARDING THE CITY

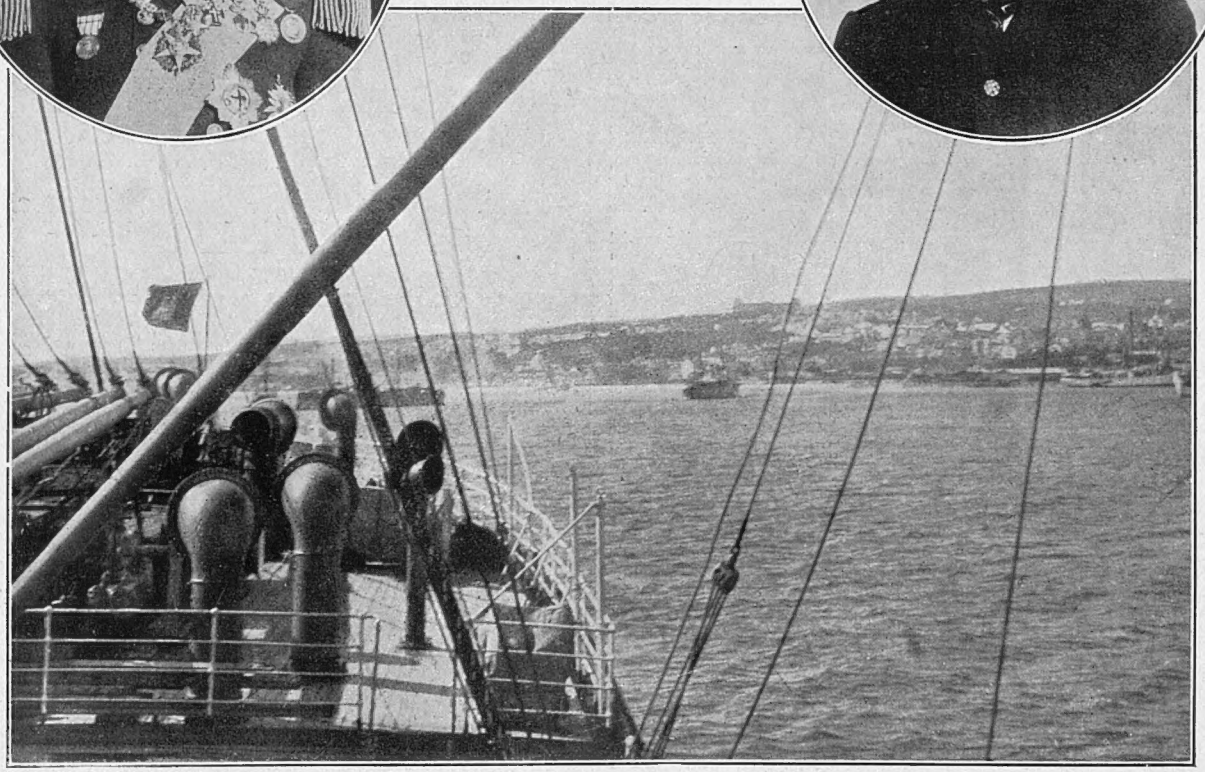
Photograph Russell

Ex-King Manoel of Portugal

Who will probably find it much easier to be merry and bright as an ex-King than as a King. We wish him *bon voyage* and Portugal good luck

The Philosopher President

Senhor Theophile Braga, the modest sage who now rules Portugal. He has told us that the revolution was purely the result of "philosophical ideas"!



The only photographs believed to have been taken of the principal incidents of the Revolution, by a German passenger on the "Cap Blanco," which reached England on Friday night

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When Will the Season Begin?

We are now supposed to be at the beginning of the autumn season in London—but are we? Personally, I don't think that there will be any great muster of the world of fashion until November is with us. I may be wrong. During the past week or ten days social matters have been quiescent. It is true that there have been two or three marriages of more or less interest, but the people who came to attend them fled precipitately back to the country. There has been a good deal of what may be termed "passing through London"—that is to say, people arrive in town in the morning, lunch at one of the smart restaurants, go shopping in the afternoon, dine at a restaurant, afterwards going to see a play, and next morning they are off again.

The Racing Folk

I am inclined to think the unaccustomed spell of fine weather is more or less responsible for this state of affairs. The country is still very charming, albeit the days are growing sadly short. Scotland is still attractive, and not a few leaders of Society are lingering in Italy or France. The racing folk are hastening home, for this week sees the beginning of the end of flat-racing. The Second October Meeting at Newmarket is always very popular, and the great race for the Cesarewitch, which takes place to-day (Wednesday), will draw thousands to the "Classic heath." All the chief houses in the district are filled for the week. The week after next sees the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, and then good-bye to the head centre of racing in England until next April. Newbury Races are in the near future, and then comes the Derby Meeting, which I am told this year will be quite a brilliant one, and nearly all the houses of importance round about will be filled for the week.

The Fighting Leader gives a Fighting Lead (!)

On Wednesday last Mr. Balfour (who is seen walking with Mr. Percival Hughes, Chief Conservative Agent in Princes Street, Edinburgh), spoke at a luncheon of the Scottish Conservative Club. His speech has been described as "clearly emphatic," "boneless," "concise and to the point," and "vague and uninspiring." Of course, everyone is right

"The Fighting Lead"

There is, of course, raging and gnashing of teeth at the junior Conservative clubs at the leader's "fighting lead." People are asking how much longer the party can possibly hang together. Many Conservatives do not care a rap for Tariff Reform or payment of members, or in fact for any of the young Unionist schemes, and quite realise that a Conservative party exists to preserve, not to disturb, things. But every Conservative in the country wants some kind of fight to be shown about something. Mr. Balfour used to be able to show it. But growing age and weakening health are telling upon him. With years, he is growing more and more abstract and metaphysical. A delightful man, and a man to be proud of, but not to lead a hot opposition against the craftiest group of statesmen who ever enjoyed their salaries.

Despairing Débutantes

Young people are anxiously looking forward to the months of November and December, for it is rumoured that several dances are to take place as soon as the Court goes into half-mourning, which will be on November 7. There are a great many débutantes who have had practically no fun at all since they appeared on the social horizon, and they are wondering what their friends and acquaintances mean to do for their entertainment. I am sure that any hostess who comes to the rescue and gives a dance will meet with great success, and I know of at least three well-known hostesses who intend giving dinner dances, so there yet may be balm in Gilead, so to speak, for the boys and girls.

Outrageous Fortune

What a funny musical public we have in London to be sure. Why was the Opera House so sparsely filled on the opening night, when *Hamlet* was given after some years? The boxes were half-empty, and there were ugly gaps in the stalls and grand circle. If we are the music-loving people we say we are why do we let an enterprising manager come to grief through want of support? It is rumoured that Mr. Beecham has been so discouraged that he has decided to go to Canossa—*i.e.*, to throw in his lot with the Covent Garden Syndicate. I would be very angry with Londoners for their lack of support of serious autumnal opera were I altogether sure in my own heart that they are so very wrong.

The Dearth of Partridges

On all sides I hear sad stories of the failure of partridge-shooting this year. Lord and Lady Savile were this week to have entertained a party at Rufford Abbey, but there are not enough birds. The same parlous state of affairs reigns in Norfolk. At Bylaugh Park, East Dereham, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy have abandoned all their forthcoming shoots, and other owners of large estates are telling the same sad story.

A Side-less Solicitor-General

Mr. J. A. Simon's appointment to the Solicitorship-General is universally popular. The young K.C. is claimed by those who know to be a pleasant contrast in manner to some of his more prominent brother silks who have entered politics. It is said he has more brains and less "swank." One wonders with whom the comparison is instituted. As to the new Judges, of one of these, the vanquisher of Mr. Balfour at Manchester, somebody tells me that "when he is good, he is very, very good; but when he is bad, he is Horridge."

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

The New Solicitor-General

Mr. J. A. Simon, K.C., who secures a high appointment at the early age of thirty-seven, and after only four years in Parliament (Walthamstow Division)

"Carbine" Again

It is my pleasant duty again to record a success for our Racing Correspondent, "Carbine," whose selection for the big race at Kempton on Saturday (Wolfe Land) came home at 8 to 1. Racing readers should turn to page 100 to see what he gives for the Cesarewitch.

Forrard Away!

In perfect summer weather, and heat that practically incapacitated field and hounds alike, the 1910-1911 hunting season made its début last week. It is not, however, until cub-hunting is at an end and November soft weather at hand that the Englishman's sport *de luxe* really gets well under way. "Were there no foxes or no pheasants" (I forget what noble lord it was that said it) "there would be little to interest us here in England but—the tailor!" and certainly, were either of these elements removed, there would vanish, too, one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most popular, features of English country life.

Miss Marie Löhr (as Smith)
Who is engaged to Mr. Robert Loraine

The Sporting Briton

Every Englishman looks his best in pink, and every (or very nearly every) Englishwoman looks her best in tailored hunting rig. And in no sport so much as in hunting is an absolutely immaculate get-up so absolutely essential. The fit of his coat, the polish of his boots, the hang of his breeches, the folds of his high white stock, the set of his gleaming top-hat, the sparkle of his straight spurs—all these are the first, sometimes also the last, consideration of the modern, compleat sportsman; while for the huntswoman, especially she who rides astride, the cut of her everything must always, in every single detail, be just perfect.

Royal Equestrianism

The King's seat on a horse is rather better than most sailors whose life on the rolling wave was never conducive to steadiness, but it is not sufficiently good, nevertheless, to warrant him following hounds, and Queen Mary is not, and never was, a horsewoman. King George's interest in matters of the stable is now, however, as everyone knows, very nearly as keen as his father's, and the fact that he has been shooting over dogs, and has agreed to extend his patronage to the Kennel Club, as did his father before him, has given rise to the hope that His Majesty may get together a kennel at Windsor, where Queen Victoria kept a large establishment for many years.

A Queen of the World of Art

The dethronement of King Manoel has brought from Gaby Deslys an open confession of her "friendship" with the King. This, no doubt, is all in the way of human nature. The lady's vainglorious reference to herself as a "Queen of the world of art" and, therefore, too good for the head of a mere petty State, would excite anger were it not that such brazen protestations have a way of coming back to those who make them in later life, when Time has wreaked its changes, and when not only do Kings no longer beg for kisses, but neither do the commonest of commoners. A "Queen of the world of art," indeed! The dethronement of the political monarch is bitter, but not so bitter as is hers, when it surely comes.

Shah Churchill's Clemency

Newly returned from Oriental lands our very own Shah, Churchill-ed-din, has been indulging in quite a pretty display of newly acquired autocratic power. It appears that, for breaking various of the laws of H.M. George V., certain persons had been imprisoned in Pentonville. Churchill-ed-din was

Mr. Robert Loraine (as Tom in "Smith")
Who is engaged to Miss Marie Löhr

A Romantic Sequel to "Smith"

The engagement of Mr. Robert Loraine with Miss Marie Löhr recalls their charming play together in Mr. Maugham's *Smith*. Disgusted with the physical unfitness of the women of his own class as colonial brides, Tom (Mr. Loraine) proposes to Smith, the pretty parlourmaid (Miss Löhr), by asking suddenly, "How's Your Health?" . . . Mr. Loraine is now an aviator. Did he, one wonders, propose to Miss Löhr by asking, "What's your weight?"

Stage Presumption Personified

THE THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON WHO IS NOW PLEASED TO MAKE LIGHT OF HER "FRIENDSHIP" WITH A DETHRONED KING

Photograph *Reutlinger*

GABY DESLYS, "QUEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART, WHEREAS PORTUGAL IS A PETTY STATE"

This clever Parisian actress has made herself quite historic as the "Woman in the Case" of the Portuguese revolution, the after-effects of which may shake Europe to its foundations. By her own admission, she enjoyed the "friendship" of King Manoel, and met him frequently in Paris and Lisbon. When it was reported that the King had contracted with her a morganatic marriage, Gaby disdainfully replied that she was a Queen of Art, who had no desire to descend from the throne she occupied to-day, and that Portugal was but a petty State. Presumably, nobody less than a Tsar or a Kaiser would be good enough, to such heights has the presumption of the modern stage performer been allowed to ascend by a frivolous public opinion

graciously pleased, one day lately, to drop into the prison, and promptly, on His Own Imperial authority, release them. I trust the magistrates who sentenced the prisoners have duly cast dust upon their heads at this plain censure of their conduct. Hitherto one has imagined the Home Secretary an official sort of person, whose power to remit sentences was exercised after grave consultation with specially hired legal authorities. The Secretary's little cruise to Smyrna, if in other ways disastrous, has at all events changed all that. In future, if any of us break the law, there is always a chance of sudden release, if the new Shah passes our way. Mr. Lloyd George will have to kill some more snakes. His rival boomster is at the top of his form.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Lady Mary Pepys

Only daughter of the late Earl of Cottenham and sister to the present peer, whose engagement to Mr. Elias Corbally, Rathbeal Hall, Co. Dublin is just announced

Photographs *Lafayette*

The Hon. Aubrey Herbert — to marry — The Hon. Mary Vesey

Son of the Dowager Countess and late Earl of Carnarvon, and half-brother of the present Earl

Daughter of Evelyn, Viscountess De Vesci, on October 20, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly

Books and the Woman

It is really rather remarkable that the four most popular books of the moment, the ones, I mean, for which duchesses and dairymaids, marchionesses and milliners are wildly scrambling, are all, though in very diverse styles, the work of women. They are: Frank Danby's "Let the Roof Fall In," May Sinclair's "The Creators," Lady Dorothy Nevill's "Under Five Reigns," and Elinor Glyn's "His Hour," and I don't know, after all, why I should express surprise. For these ladies between them cater for all publics — the sentimental, the serious, the social, and the sensuous —and if it be the men who criticise the books it is only the women who read them, and "What Every Woman Knows" is what every other woman wants to know they know, isn't it?

Elinor Glyn's Triumph

People, by the way, are speculating on exactly what it was that tempted the author of *Three Weeks* to go to Russia. I now understand that it was at the special request of the Russians themselves. "Having read *Three Weeks*," wrote a Russian admirer, "we have come to the conclusion that, being the only English author who appears to understand the Russian code of morals, you are the one best qualified to write a book about our country." Mrs. Glyn could not resist that invitation, so, with due deliberation, packed up and went to St. Petersburg. We now have it, from no less an authority on ways and manners than the Grand Duchess Vladimir, that the new novel, *His Hour*, is accuracy itself concerning those of Russia.

Lady Eileen Elliot, eldest daughter of the Earl of Minto, as Marise Chelford in "The Thief"

A very successful amateur performance of *The Thief* was given at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla, early in August, Lady Eileen Elliot delighting everyone with her clever acting

The Amateur Actress

Everyone knows that in amateur-land there are people whose brilliance exceeds that of the professional. Birth or fortune, the latter usually, hinders them from competing in the open market. This is particularly true of the art of acting. The cleverest actors and actresses are not necessarily those who are paid for their work. I am moved to these reflections by the wonderful reports that have reached me of Lady Eileen Elliot's acting in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's old part in *The Thief* in a series of amateur performances at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla. Lady Eileen is the latest addition to the long list of accomplished amateur histrions in Society. A striking portrait of her in the part appears on this page.

A True Story

It was the first night of the latest Hall Caine play. An elderly lady, who, I understand, is an inveterate first-nighter, had been watching the production with wildly rolling eyes. In one scene a corpse was brought on and a number of weirdly clothed Manxmen set up a dolorous chant. The lady's face was a study in wonderment. She looked from side to side at the people sitting near her, noted the fluttering handkerchiefs of the emotional Hall Cainites, and then in an awed though piercing voice, which half the people in the stalls must have heard, enquired "*Which is Pélissier?*"

The Author of "His Hour"

ELINOR GLYN (MRS. CLAYTON GLYN), WHOSE NEW NOVEL IS JUST PUBLISHED

This, her latest photograph (autographed) was specially taken for H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Vladimir, to whom the novel ("His Hour") is dedicated. Mrs. Glyn read the manuscript through to the Imperial Russian Family, who proclaimed it to be a "most exact picture of Russian Society." We are indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. Glyn for the right to reproduce this charming portrait

King Edward Memorial Schemes

TABULATED AND CRITICISED

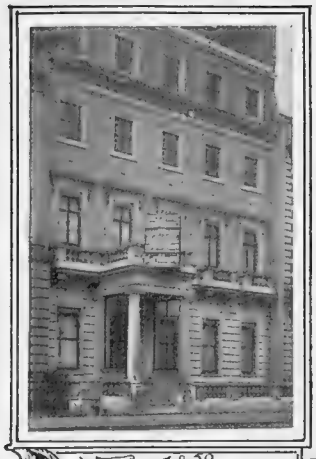
In a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER we dealt with the proposals to commemorate King Edward's reign by the preservation of the Crystal Palace. There are, however, a score or more other rival schemes, our humble opinion of which is set forth below:—

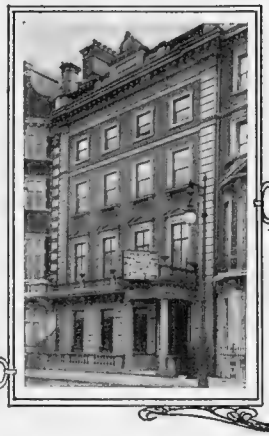
Scheme	*Criticism*
REBUILD BUCKINGHAM PALACE	Why specially to commemorate King Edward's reign? If worth doing should have been done during reign. To make it fit for Royal habitation *after* his death is a poor compliment to him. Rebuild it by all means, but for the honour of the living, not the dead, King.
NATIONAL OPERA IN HYDE PARK	Why Hyde Park? Why National? British operatic music unworthy of enshrinement; foreign already excellently provided for by Covent Garden and Mr. Beecham.
RECONSTRUCT TRAFALGAR SQUARE	By all means. But why to commemorate King Edward? The Square is in honour of Trafalgar (A.D. 1805). To honour the founder of the *entente cordiale* by reconstructing a Square named after a victory over the French is the limit of ineptitude.
GRAND APPROACH TO NEW THAMES BRIDGE	Again, excellent. But isn't it somewhere in the City, with which one doesn't specially associate the late monarch?
INDIAN MUSEUM	Why? His Majesty had no pronounced personal interest in Indian curiosities.
ALMSHOUSES FOR LONDON POOR	Brilliant. But thought Old Age Pensions was to do away with pauperisation.
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF KING EDWARD	Why equestrian? The King usually rode in a motor. If our sculptors can't be beautiful, they can at least be truthful.
KING EDWARD PARK, BETWEEN BOW AND STRATFORD	All right—but isn't there already a Victoria Park somewhere out that way?
COMPLETION OF QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL BY CLEARING AWAY HOUSES AT CHARING CROSS END OF THE MALL	Queen Victoria was Queen Victoria; King Edward was King Edward. Why mix their memorials?
PEACE MEMORIAL	Excellent. Suggest should be constructed at H.M. Naval Dockyard (Dreadnought design).
A GREAT THOROUGHFARE FROM EUSTON ROAD TO WORMWOOD SCRUBBS	Present route, via devious byways, infinitely more popular among convicts.
ENDOWMENT OF LEAGUE OF MERCY	All plausible and better thought out than others. But all somewhat morbid as commemorations of the reign of a monarch of all the gaieties. If excellent people cannot think of any more fitting memorials for the late King than these, why not leave it alone? A King who did so much good at home and abroad will leave his mark in history without the need to expend vast sums of money in celebration of isolated activities.
ENDOWMENT OF KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND	
FUND FOR CANCER RESEARCH	
SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES	
KING EDWARD WARDS IN ALL LONDON HOSPITALS	

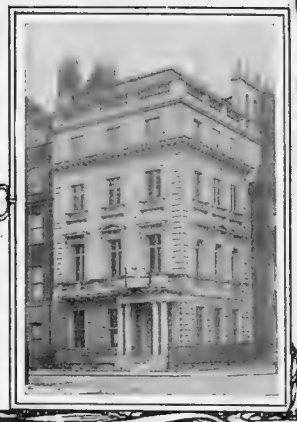
Preparing for the Re-conquest of Wales?

Party of British Regular officers scouting on Welsh mountains. Is this in anticipation of a forthcoming Declaration of Independence by the Principality, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will play the part of George Washington?

The DOOM of the TOWN HOUSE







Nos. 18, 40, 47, & 50 Grosvenor Sq.

The photographs are of a few of the mansions to let in and immediately around Grosvenor Square

ONE thing, a student of the times has declared, there is that distinguishes civilisation, viz.: "fixity of residence; but there are people nowadays whose whereabouts you cannot ascertain without consulting a newspaper; their residences, vast and substantial as they are, serve only as tents and wigwams."

Obviously, then, we are becoming uncivilised! Fifty years ago "fixity of residence" was the sign and hall-mark of good breeding. To live on his estate eight months of the year, to occupy his town house the remaining four—so only might a gentleman of the Victorian era in decency arrange his life. All entertainments, large and small, formal and informal, were given in his own house, for the restaurant was not acknowledged by Society, the motor had not been thought of, and the present-day week-end habit would certainly have been regarded as improper. Life in those spacious days as lived by the "best people" was a procession; a stately progress from one time-honoured custom to another; and any variation from the accepted order of events was wont to be regarded as a deviation from the sacred tenets of that most mighty of the creeds—Good Form.

Society of To-Day

To-day we have changed all that. "Fixity of residence"—could anything be more boring? "Live in one's own house eight months in the year" — appalling prospect! "Entertain at home" — ghastly idea! "Good form"—there is no such thing, the only sort of standard of manners or morals in demand in social circles to-day a moneyed one. Society, or what is called Society nowadays, has abandoned its fixed and huge and expensive, if also dignified, residences. Being composed largely of the merely moneyed and no longer purely aristocratic classes, it has no more that desire to segregate itself in mansions retired as far as possible from the haunts of the common herd, which was once its chief characteristic. It lives in flats and hotels, and dines in clubs and restaurants, where it can see and be seen. Home is a place to sleep in, to dress in, to breakfast in, to keep the children in (if any). It is no place for the smart man, much less for the smart woman; and so every year, as a walk through Mayfair streets soon discovers, the great town houses, with their armies of servants, vast basements, myriads of bedrooms, and "spacious" reception-rooms, become more and more a bugbear, an "also ran."

No. 51 Grosvenor Sq.

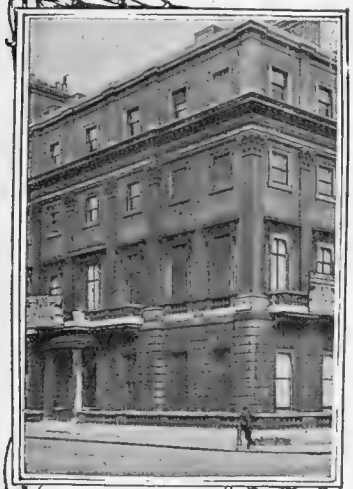
The Commercial Element

Numbers of houses, once prized as among the aristocracy of residences, have thus already been deserted by their owners and disposed of by lease or sale, while others are coming rapidly into the market. Reasons for the change are various. Chief among them, I suppose, the democratisation of Society, for, indeed, Society, in the sense in which the word was once understood, can hardly be said to exist at all to-day. It is Lady Dorothy Nevill's favourite axiom, I believe, that "Society came to an end in the 'eighties," before which it was a sort of big family party, into which mere wealth was not a passport, though wit and intellect, as valuable aids to conversation, almost universally were. In the 'forties and 'fifties there weren't any millionaires, or, if there were, they had not yet penetrated patrician portals. To-day

the commercial element preponderates in Society, and many of what the above-mentioned lady designates "the mob," having themselves obtained titles, "now quite honestly consider themselves the old aristocracy of England."

Entertaining in the 'Fifties—

According to Lady Dorothy Nevill, too, it is in great part owing to the preponderance of this commercial element in Society that conversation—once the end and aim of all private entertainments — has sunk to its present low level, for "the commercial class has always mistrusted verbal brilliancy and wit, deeming such qualities, perhaps with some justice, frivolous and unprofitable." And certainly the great difference between Victorian entertaining and Georgian is that at the former conversation and at the latter distraction is the whole point of the proceeding. In the 'fifties great ladies in great houses gave great parties at which great men of all the great professions "held forth greatly," and conversation on "some general question" was the sole entertainment offered or expected. Lady Palmerston, at her great house (now the Naval and Military Club) in Piccadilly, Lady Rosebery, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Waldegrave, and Lady Molesworth were all political hostesses of renown, while from their highly interesting memoirs the present generation of hostesses may read and learn and wonder at the famous parties given by Lady St. Helier, and also by Lady Dorothy Nevill, at whose Sunday luncheons the famous Fourth Party met together, and in whose house the Primrose League came into being.



21, Grosvenor Square

23, Berkeley Square

—And To-Day

Home entertaining is now, however, altogether at a discount, and so are the homes as well, and hence the rapid decline from favour of the erstwhile all-important town house. If you are the widow of a Connecticut pork-butcher, and can thus afford to get Melba, Pavlova, and Harry Lauder to entertain your guests, with an ex-Royal *chef* to feed them, then all is well, and you may thus, in this day of grace, quite easily become a quite successful hostess and be in a position really to make use of the great town house you rent from some impoverished aristocrat. But otherwise, conversation being a lost art and amateur accomplishments rather deader than Queen Anne, it is simpler to live at an hotel or in a flat and to entertain your guests at a restaurant, where the band and the noise and the light and the frocks and the crowds are guaranteed to fill up any conversational gaps that may present themselves.

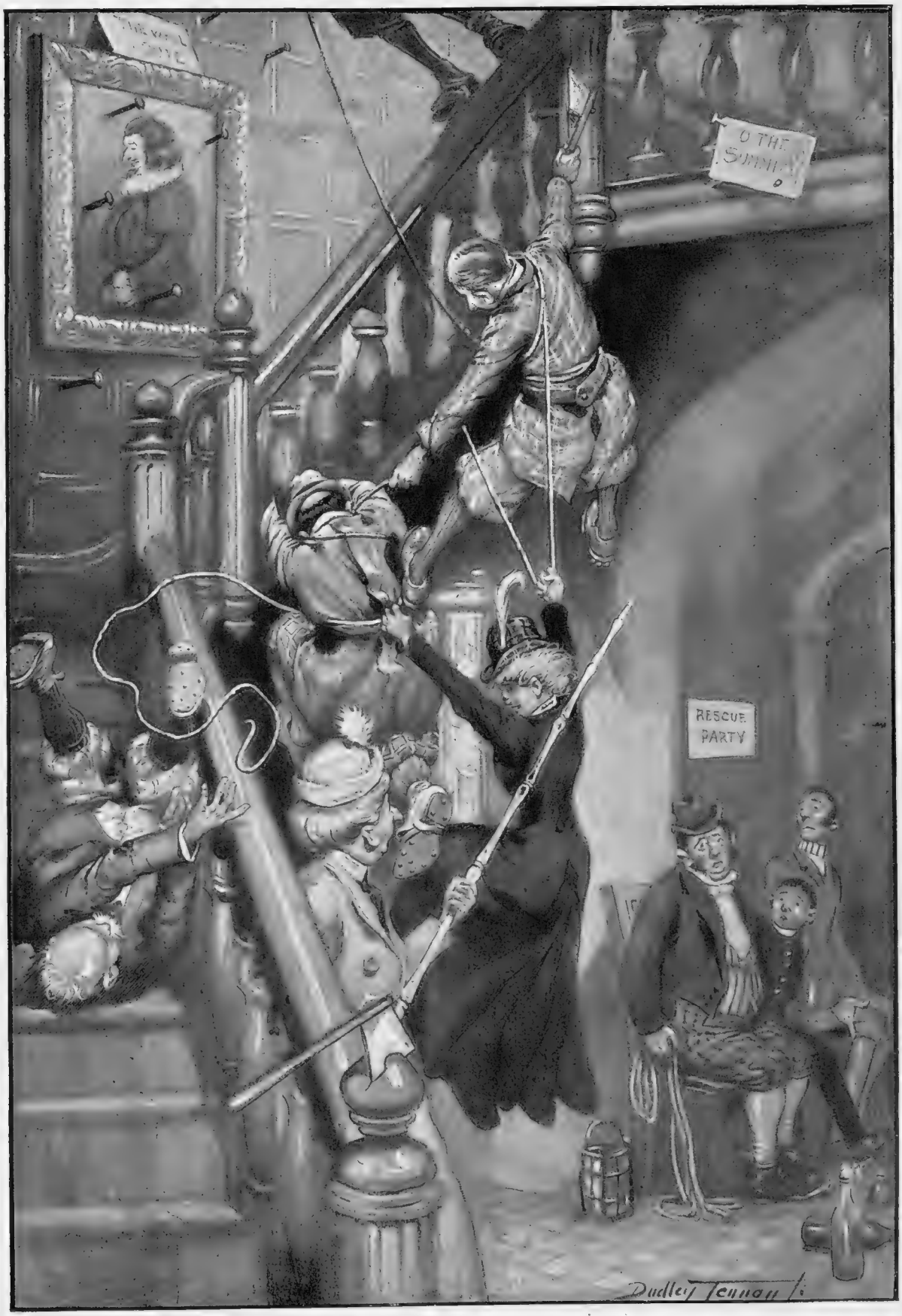
41, Grosvenor Square

The Dearth of Hostesses

It is largely at the door of the Society woman, of course, that the blame for this state of affairs must be laid. Successfully to carry through ambitious entertainments a certain amount of domestic detail must, even in the biggest of establishments, necessarily fall upon the shoulders of the hostess, not to speak of the onus of getting together the right people and mixing them up, when there, in the right way. There is to-day, apparently, not one single woman in London Society clever enough, or popular enough, or energetic enough, to entertain as the Victorian hostess entertained—at her own table, in her own house, and in her own fashion. The Society woman of the moment would be bored to tears at the very idea, her method of entertaining being to obtain, by means of a chat with the head-waiter over the telephone by her bed in the morning and a cheque in settlement in the evening, at least possible trouble to herself, the maximum of amusement for her guests.

19, Bruton Street

Outdoor Hobbies for the Home



NO. I.—MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HALL *BY DUDLEY TENNANT*

"F. E."

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL APPRECIATION

OF THE EMINENT MR. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

MR. F. E. SMITH, the brilliant young Conservative lawyer, who threatens to lead his party into Radical by-ways, is the meteoric son of a meteoric father. That gentleman (the late Mr. Frederick Smith) began his own career boldly, by quarrelling, at the age of seventeen, with his family, and, by way of spiting them, but really his own nose, enlisted in the Army. This sort of thing usually ends in a £10 note to the Government and roast veal for the culprit. Smith, sen., however, would not repent. He saw fighting with his regiment on the N.W. frontier of India, and the age of twenty-one found him the youngest sergeant-major in the Service, schoolmaster to the officers' families, manager of a theatre, and making from one source or another £800 a year. Returning to civil life, the ex-sergeant-major became, first, a land agent, and then, having been called to the Bar, a barrister with a flourishing practice at Liverpool.

The Grammar School of his native Birkenhead gave Mr. F. E. Smith an excellent education. There he won the liking of his masters as a brilliant scholar, popularity among his comrades as a dashing Rugby football forward. The death of his father while the lad was still at school was a heavy blow. Theirs had been a rare and beautiful companionship. Moreover, young Smith now found himself face to face with the disagreeable fact that the 'Varsity career of which he dreamed was likely to remain a dream unless he won a scholarship. Of course, he won it—an Open Classical Scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. At Oxford, Mr. Smith carried off academic honours too numerous to mention, and became Fellow and Lecturer of Merton College. And then—O! delightful episode—the young don was run in by the police!

The story of his arrest is simple. The Prince of Wales came to open new municipal buildings, and large numbers of London police were imported to keep order. A row arose between them and the undergraduates and a battle royal ensued. While the fray was at its hottest, Mr. Smith, emerging from his rooms, found his "scout," a most respectable, peaceable man, being roughly handled by the "bobbies." He remonstrated, and was promptly incarcerated—I believe that is the right word—in the local dungeon. Later, however, the cadi released him "without a stain on his character." "Smith of Wadham" is well remembered at Oxford not only as the don who was "jugged," but as a Rugby forward, who would probably have got his "Blue" but for breaking his arm shortly before the Inter-'Varsity match, and, above all, as a shining light of the Union. His speeches there attracted far more than local attention.

The case that "made" Mr. Smith professionally was the Liverpool Bank frauds affair. Mr. Smith defended that amazing creature, Goudie, and so well did he plead in mitigation of punishment—Goudie having pleaded guilty—that it is an open secret that Mr. Justice Bigham altered an intended sentence of fourteen years to one of ten years penal servitude. The Ogden litigation, in which Mr. Smith was for the defendants, was another of his big cases. It brought him a small fortune in fees, and made Parliament possible. As a lawyer he is recognised as a great advocate, who can play almost any tune he likes on the usually unresponsive heart-strings of the average British juror. He is also a deadly cross-examiner. Incidentally, he "took silk" in record time—eight and a half years.

There is little need to recall Mr. Smith's famous maiden speech in the House of Commons as the new Member for the Walton Division of Liverpool. It put him at a bound in the Parliamentary front rank, it brought cheer to the drooping hearts of the Unionists, it staggered the Liberal hotch-potch. He has had both to live down and to live up to that brilliant maiden effort. To live it down because there was some danger of his becoming a Parliamentary Brock, a mere maker of verbal fireworks. To live up to it, because the House expects "fun" from him—and gets it. His epigrams are unrivalled. His "There are more ways of addling a political egg than by giving it to an Under-Secretary to sit upon" will long be remembered; so, too, will his description of Mr. Augustine Birrell as "that type of man who would still be fiddling if all his colleagues were burning." What of the future? Clearly either the Premiership or the Woolsack.

If We Cannot Pay Members

THERE ARE MANY OTHER WAYS IN WHICH THEY COULD BE REMUNERATED (AT PUBLIC EXPENSE)

Payment of M.P.'s is the political topic of the hour. If they really are to be remunerated, why, plaintively inquires our artist, Mr. Norman Morrow, should we not, instead of paying them salaries, admit them free to theatres, railways, golf courses, restaurants, and all else that the ordinary mortal has to spend hard cash to enjoy?

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

General View of Lisbon, the Scene of the Portuguese Revolution, from the Tagus

Europe Excited

Rarely has the situation in Europe been more interesting than at the present moment. The transformation of Turkey has put all the old methods, devices, and traditions of policy out of gear. The bloodless Revolution of the Young Turks has sent electric waves East and West, so that hardly a country which was lagging behind has been unaffected by it. Portugal is in the throes of a revolution; Persia, India, Egypt, Spain, have all taken to overhauling their political and social conditions. Turkey has set the pace of reform—in short, this bloodless revolution has had an effect not unlike in its character the influence the French Revolution exerted throughout Western Europe. But all this, of course, is most disconcerting to the old diplomacy.

Turkey on Her Mettle

The traditional policy with reference to the Near East was to prepare for the peaceful demise of "the Sick Man." The Sick Man was a Turkey which had outlived its proper span of life, and its natural fate was to break into fragments, which would be absorbed by the neighbouring energetic young kingdoms. These little kingdoms were already counting their chickens, which will now never be hatched. The task of the great Powers was to avoid any violent disruption, but, nevertheless, to carry through the ultimate dismemberment of Turkey as a European State. This situation had its definite object—the new one requires a much more subtle understanding of the undercurrents of European politics than ordinary diplomatists have been able to acquire.

Photograph *Russell and Sons*

Can He Serve the New Republic?

The Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Minister at London, and an ardent Royalist. He has been a well-known figure in London Society for years.

Russia and Germany Alert

Whether the appointment of Sir Arthur Nicholson as Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs will be a success depends on his knowledge of these undercurrents—*die Trieve*, as the Germans call them. The two great currents which are going more or less to sway the world for years to come are the political object of the Russians to secure the neutrality of the Dardenelles and the determination of the Germans to be the dominating influence in the development of the land route to an Asiatic port. The chief actors in this diplomatic struggle are M. Isvolsky on the one side and Count von Aehrenthal on the other. M. Isvolsky is mustering his forces. Of his two most trusty pupils, the one, M. Tscharikoff, is at the Constantinople Embassy, and the other, Sasanoff, is now at the head of the St. Petersburg Foreign Office, and he has gone to Paris himself to guide the hand of M. Pichon and watch over Russia's second ally! Count Aehrenthal, in the same way, is mustering his forces. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter is not the real adviser of the Kaiser in this subtle game, but was brought from Bucharest to add his knowledge of Roumania, and, if possible, drag it into the combine. Count Aehrenthal is the moving spirit in both Empires, and Vienna has once more become the centre of gravity of the Triple Alliance, just as Paris (M. Isvolsky), then, will be the centre of gravity of the other practical Triple Alliance.

And England—Asleep!

But where is Sir Edward Grey in all this? Nowhere. We no more count, and while we are fussing about the possibility of invasion and trembling about the growth of the German Navy, we are neglecting the preservation of our prestige—a real commercial asset—in the Near East and Persia, and allowing others to oust us from it and take our place. What, then, should be our programme? Uphold Young Turkey for all we are worth, and defeat both these conspiracies. They would be equally disastrous to England if either were successful. Why should not our Foreign Minister follow the example of his late master, King Edward VII.—travel and see things for himself? When one thinks, however, that with no knowledge of foreign policy and without even a nodding acquaintance with the language of diplomacy, Sir Edward Grey has been conducting our foreign affairs for so many years, it is surprising he has not done worse.

Spanish Queen's Court Portrait

BY SEÑOR PABLO A. DE BÉJAR, PAINTER BY APPOINTMENT TO THE COURT OF SPAIN, AUTOGRAPHED BY HER MAJESTY, AND REPRODUCED BY EXCLUSIVE PERMISSION TO "THE BYSTANDER"

A note on the romantic career of the painter appears on the next page

Painter to the Spanish Court

On the preceding page we publish the Court portrait of the Queen of Spain, painted for Her Majesty by Senor Pablo de Béjar, of whose career some interesting details have just reached me. Well on the sunny side of the fifties, to-day he might have been chained to a stool in a comparatively humble position in a Government office in a Cuban province had not circumstance come to his rescue. For many years past he has held an annual exhibition of his works in Madrid, and the aristocracy of that very aristocratic city flock on such occasions to his studio. Naturally, this aristocratic patronage follows in the footsteps of Royalty, and a proof that the art of Señor de Béjar is appreciated in the highest circles is to be found not only in his official appointment as Court painter, but also in the fact that he has been commanded to paint no fewer than three portraits of Queen Victoria Eugénie, a reproduction of one of which, autographed by Her Majesty, is given, as stated above, in this number. The original was, it may be mentioned, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year.

King Edward and Art

Although Señor de Béjar holds a premier position as a portrait-painter, and has painted most of the Spanish Royalties, his art is universal, and the magnificent ceiling panels in the palace of the Marquesa de Villanueva form one of the exclusive art shows of Madrid, and can only be seen by special favour. The late King Edward VII. was greatly interested in Señor de Béjar's art, and graciously commanded his presence at Windsor during the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden in 1908, so that their Majesties might inspect a selected list of portraits of intimate notabilities which Señor de Béjar had painted. The artist was highly flattered by the praises lavished by his Royal patrons on his works, but even still more so by the gracious and genial manner in which he was welcomed and made to feel at home by his late Majesty. King Edward personally conducted the Spanish painter over the Castle, to show him the unique treasures, and especially the priceless paintings which it contains. Señor de Béjar speaks English fluently. He was born in Barcelona in 1869. As a boy he had no idea of being a painter, nor had he any instruction. He sketched and painted for his own amusement, and without any idea that his work was likely to be of any interest or value to anyone but himself. Then the tide in his affairs occurred, and he seized it at the flood without the faintest notion that it would lead on to fortune.

An Amateur's Chance

A feast was organised at Colon in honour of Don Isaac Peral, the inventor of the submarine which bears his name, and there was a general desire to have a portrait of the distinguished guest as the central feature of the decorations. No artist, however, was at command, and young de Béjar, then nineteen years of age, offered to undertake the commission. Had a railway porter or a cabman volunteered, it would not have occasioned greater surprise; but as a policy of despair the young Spaniard was allowed to make the attempt. The portrait was so successful that the Governor of Havana, who presided at the function, sent for the amateur, and after congratulating him on his remarkable achievement, prophesied that he would one day be a great painter. Had his reward been only this compliment, de Béjar might still be chained to his municipal desk. The Governor, however, almost immediately transferred him to Havana, where in a short time he was granted a handsome pension so that he might have the means and leisure to devote himself to the study of painting.

THE SPANISH COURT PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO

Senor Pablo A. de Béjar, Painter to the Court of Spain, in his studio. On the walls will be seen many portraits, executed by Senor de Béjar, of members of the Spanish Royal House

Nine O'clock Ecstasies!

NOCTURNAL PLANETARY RITES A FEATURE OF THE LONDON AUTUMN SEASON

Mr. Aleister Crowley

Editor of *The Equinox*, who devised the ceremonies

The Rite of Saturn

Suicide of the Atheist I

Jupiter, the inmost soul, enthroned in the ever-revolving wheel of the three great principles—and so forth

A Scene from the Rite of Luna

Artemis is being invoked by Pan. The former is the mysterious Virgin Mother of Eternity, and Pan is the Holy Spirit of Matter, from which union springs Humanity, the crown child of the future—and all that

THE first of a series of seven rites, each dedicated to one of the planets, is to be held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 19th (Saturn night), at nine sharp. You are requested to attend in black or very dark blue for Saturn, and similarly appropriate colour-schemes in turn for other planets. The general object is to produce in the subject a carefully selected "ecstasy." In the case of Saturn, you should become, as you watch the rites, austere and melancholic; in Mars, of course forceful and fiery; with Venus—but why labour the obvious? Sufficient has been said to indicate that nine o'clock ecstasies will be an unusual and exciting experience. To obtain admission, one must communicate with the "Guardian of the Flame" himself, in the flesh, Mr. Aleister Crowley, the poet (compared with Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, etc.), and Editor of "The Equinox," 142, Victoria Street.

Why Smile

WHEN YOU LOOK SO MUCH LOVELIER WHEN YOU DON'T?

Miss Zena Dare Smiling in "The Model and the Maid"

Miss Zena Dare Serious in "The Model and the Maid"

MISS ZENA DARE IN TWO MOODS IN "THE MODEL AND THE MAID," AT THE HIPPODROME

These pictures form an object-lesson for our musical comedy actresses inasmuch as they show that beauty serious is much lovelier than beauty smiling. From a high æsthetic standpoint a smile must always be regarded as a distortion of the features, and should not be perpetuated by the camera. Will the pets of the footlights kindly oblige with a little less mobility of features?

Photographs Foulsham and Banfield

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"INCONSTANT GEORGE" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

THIS delightful comedy is taken from the French, and its success is complete. The plot is more or less original, the dialogue is smart and often witty, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey is here to be seen at his best. Miss Gladys Unger, who has made the adaptation, has contrived to keep to the spirit of the French original without wounding the susceptibilities of the British matron, and that is no ordinary feat. "Inconstant George" is Georges Bullin (Mr. Charles Hawtrey), whose weakness for the fair sex keeps him so busy, that he usually has about four love affairs going on at the same time, and his pathetic complaint is that now and then "they *will* overlap." He comes to a fashionable seaside place in Brittany in order to get away from Paris, where it would appear that the overlapping process has involved him in more complications than he can handle; and he has saved the situation by prudent and timely flight. He calls on his friend Lucien (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith), and desires to state most explicitly that his last experiences of the fair sex have been quite enough for him. Henceforward he will have nothing to do with women at all. He will dream away a month or so by the shimmering sea, and then he will go back to Paris and lead the life of an anchorite.

Sketched at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Norman Morrow

LUCIEN is married to a charming young lady named Odette, some years his junior, and his cousin, another charming young lady, lives with them. In the original French the "cousin" is, of course, a different kind of relation altogether; but we do not speak of these things in England. Within five minutes of his declaration to forsake entirely the society of the gentle sex for the future, George is flirting desperately with both the wife and the cousin of his friend Lucien; and very soon after that he has two more strings to his bow. In each of the four flirtations he has arranged to meet the lady in the case early on the following morning, and in his naïve and confiding way he selects ten o'clock as the hour, so that they "can go out and see the sun rise."

ANYTHING like an objectionable element has been successfully avoided by the simple expedient of making George a harmless and irresolute philanderer, who, in his own words, suffers from "anæmia of the will power." In the second act, which is quite uproariously funny, George comes on and announces that he is very happy, since he has reached the stage of receiving love letters from the first two ladies on his list, and dear old Lucien knows nothing about it. The third lady on the list, who happens to be a star of the variety stage, and, therefore, less careful of the conventions, calls at George's villa in person in the small hours of the morning, and is shocked to hear that he is in love with two ladies at once, and that she herself is not one of them. With delightful inconsequence she expresses surprise that he, a University man, should actually be in love with two ladies at the same time. She says she will have nothing more to do with him, and that he may congratulate himself on the fact that in her case he has a lady to deal with. In proof of which she snatches a china vase from the chimneypiece and shatters it to fragments in the grate, to the accompaniment of a perfect hurricane of laughter. Audiences never seem so thoroughly amused as when an act of wanton destruction takes place before their eyes. It must be the survival of a slight strain of the Vandal in our remote ancestry.

THE scene of the second act is George's bedroom, and the spectacle of the poor fellow getting into bed and trying to sleep in spite of a constant flow of

callers becomes at times quite wildly funny. Just as he is settling down to the slumber of the innocent at last, who should turn up but dear old Lucien. Lucien takes off his coat, lights a cigarette, and settles down for a good long stay. After discussing a few political commonplaces, while George is yawning and beating his pillows into more comfortable form, Lucien comes to the real object of his visit. The fact is he has discovered that George is making love not only to Odette, but to the cousin as well. This news brings George out of bed with a rush, and while he is sticking his feet into his slippers and reaching for his dressing-gown the dialogue has to wait till the shrieks of laughter in the audience have become sufficiently subdued to enable the performers to be heard. Lucien, however, will not hear of dear old George being upset over a little matter of that kind, and makes him go to bed again, so that they can discuss the question reasonably and calmly as old and dear friends. All that Lucien asks is that George will make up his mind whether he wants to marry the wife or the cousin, and Lucien will fall in with his wishes at once. Naturally this scene loses a good deal of its original piquancy in translation; but there is enough left of it to make it extremely amusing.

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THE triumph of the evening is Mr. Hawtrey's, though it is shared to a considerable extent by Miss Doris Lytton, who as the plain-spoken and ingenuous Micheline is a sheer delight. Miss Hilda Moore also scores a success as the energetic lady from the variety halls. One can usually rely on Mr. Hawtrey for an ideal entertainment, and his contribution to the dramatic fare of London is generally piquant. In this case he offers us one of the most enjoyable, albeit sub-naughty, farces in which he has ever appeared. *Inconstant George* is a meal of merriment, and should fill the Prince of Wales's Theatre for many months to come.

"D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S

HERE is a story of the American War of Independence. "Captain and Colonel the Hon. John D'Arcy," being quartered with a "rebel" family, promptly falls in love with Pamela, the daughter of the house, and makes his military duty subservient to his natural courtesy and his amorous disposition all the time, with disastrous results. On one occasion when the lady's brother, after passing through the British lines, comes to the house to see his mother and sister in between the fights, Pamela hides the young man in D'Arcy's bedroom, and for her sake D'Arcy orders a search party not to peep into the room in question, as he is too much of a gentleman to doubt the lady's word that the fugitive is not a spy. Still, war is an exciting game, and you are not supposed to keep your good manners all the time. You can be impolite, and apologise afterwards. It is frequently done.

ON another occasion, when the lady proposes to ride over to the American lines (the courteous British have apparently kept a clear road through) D'Arcy so far forgets his good manners as to try and stop her. Her own manners on this occasion are very indifferent, for she simply produces a pistol from the folds of her cloak and shoots D'Arcy down, and everybody knows that that is a frightfully ill-bred thing to do. As he falls to the ground with a moan she cries out that he is dead, and then she tries to get him to take some brandy. If he really was dead I must admit that the spirit pulled him round again very quickly, and I should think that the merchants who supply this particularly efficacious brand ought to be allowed to refer to the fact in their advertisements. Mr. Alexander looked distinguished in his splendid uniform, and acted with his usual grace and charm; and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy was quite admirable in every way as the fair rebel. JINGLE.

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre

A Complete Change of Costume at the St. James's

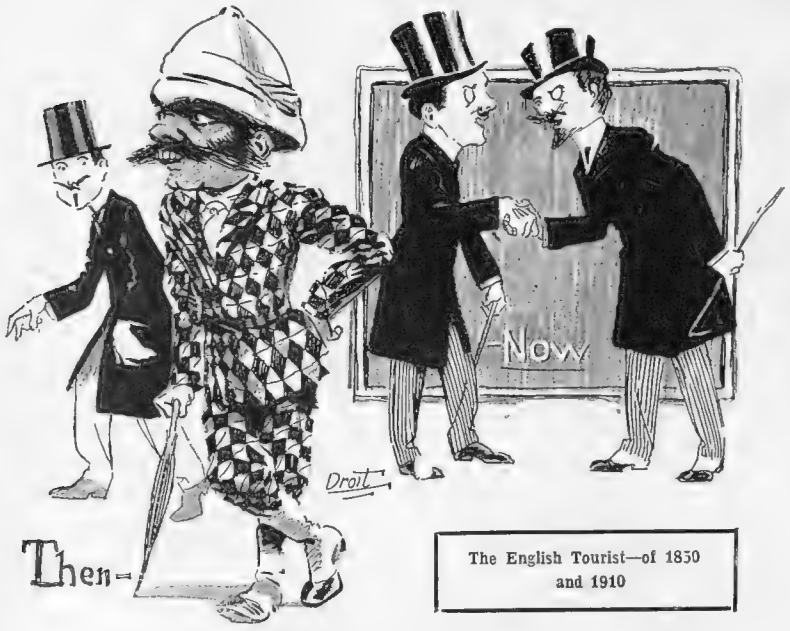
After many, many months of mourning as the amusing hero of "The Importance of Being Earnest," Mr. Alexander appears at his theatre in the gay costume of a British officer at the time of the American War of Independence

Paris Shows et Autres Choses

ENGLISH TOURISTS—PAST AND PRESENT

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

I LED the conversation by easy stages to West Bromwich. "Why, you're an Englishman, as well," he said in English. I laughed. "It was your nationality that puzzled me," I explained, "but——." "But you tried me with West Bromwich. I always use Wolverhampton myself as a test—no Frenchman can quite manage it—but I am not sure that West Bromwich isn't even better." And then we both laughed, and exchanged out French drinks for a Scotch-and-soda. "Yes, I am English," he said, "but I get about abroad a bit, and have a knack of languages. I can speak Danish, too, for that matter, and French, Spanish, and Italian, of course, and I have a smattering of Arabic. Not very much to boast of, but it helps one with the gutturals in Dutch." I pointed an accusing finger at him. "I know now," I said; "you are the new Englishman." "Guilty," he laughed. "We have changed a bit, haven't we, since the old pith helmet days?"



The English Tourist—of 1850 and 1910

I chuckled. For a picture rose before me, as he spoke, of the Englishman as France used to see him upon the melodramatic stage, in caricature, and, though less often, sometimes in real life. He was tall, his hair was red, he wore Dundreary whiskers, and his two front teeth were curiously prominent. He dressed in checks that no bank in this world would cash. He wore upon his head a green-lined helmet, and around it floated a veil of green gauze. Under his arm he carried Baedeker, and all the French he knew was "Esker." He shouted rudely in a foreign country, as though every non-Englishman were deaf. He disdained "their beastly sour wine," except when he could pay high prices for it at home; he demanded English dishes, and jeered at French cooking. The insular Englishman of some years ago was not much loved—and he is as extinct as the Dodo. The new Englishman is becoming international. Of course, he may go too far (too many Thomas Cook and Sons may spoil the broth), but just at present he is a decided asset to the comfort of great Continental cities. I was talking to a shopman here in Paris not long since. He left me to serve a customer, and came back wringing his hands in comical despair. "Thick headed Englishman?" I asked him. "Oh, no!" he said. "Good old Chicago. There are no more thick-headed English in the Rue de la Paix now. They are all in the Rue de Rivoli." It is really true. I find that your Englishman of decent family has dropped the absurd form of bashfulness which used to make the proper accent in a foreign language a mere affectation.

And there is more than mere accident in the Continental knowledge of the new Englishman. He really knows and appreciates other people and other customs than his own. The Frenchman is charming, but he is certainly not adaptable. We are much more adaptable than we think. The modern Englishman really knows his Paris nowadays, and is becoming quite at home in Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid. It used to be a favourite saying among Parisians that when an Englishman got into a cab in the daytime he was driven to the Morgue before he could explain where he wanted to go, and in the evening cabby always took him to the Moulin Rouge as a matter of course, without waiting for instructions. But nowadays the travelled Englishman slips over to Paris for a day or two as he would pop up to London from—well, from Wolverhampton, and when he gets here he knows where he wants to dine, what he wants to eat and drink, what theatre to go to, and where to sup. The Englishman of old knew the sights, but just as little as he would forego eggs and bacon for breakfast in Paris so little would he dream of visiting places where Frenchmen go, seeing plays which Frenchmen see, or reading books which Frenchmen read. He does all these things now. The great King, whose memory is still so green with us, has taught him that to do them is no shame. He has found both instruction and pleasure in the doing, and when Frenchmen have learned, as they are learning rapidly, to know us as we are beginning to know them, the *Entente Cordiale* will be real at last.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The REAPER

By OLIVIA MAITLAND DAVIDSON
and MORAY DALTON

"Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap."
—SWINBURNE.

SINCE ten o'clock, when the first of the race trains had drawn up at the little wayside station, the field-gate had swung back on its rusty hinges many times, and the boy who held it open for the carriages and motors of the gentry to pass through had filled his cap with coppers.

The summer had been cold and wet, but now a perfect autumn made amends. The little racecourse, that ran, like a bordered ribbon, across the flat, smooth land, was so green it rested tired town eyes only to look upon it.

Elinor Somerville looked towards the hills. The rusty brown of the woods that clothed them was veiled with faint grey mist. "It's such lovely air," she said, and remembered the reeking slums in which, in her work among the very poor, she passed so much of her life. Now, since her doctor had ordered rest and change, she had come down to stay with her married sister, the beautiful Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Such lovely air——."

"You could breathe it all the year round if you liked," Cecil Arbuthnot said. It was something of a grievance with him that his clever sister-in-law would not live with them. She would have been a companion for his wife. Rosemary was delicate, and apt to get moped at times. "Those good works of yours," he complained, "they're—they're well enough, of course, but—well, we want you here."

She had come down into the paddock with him between the races. David, her nephew, was there, talking to one of the grooms. He came up to them at once.

"Have you heard the odds?" he said, his dark eyes were shining with excitement. "Franchetti's the favourite, and Miles tells me she is fresh as paint. I say, why doesn't mother come off the stand? It's much jollier down here. Isn't it time you changed, father?"

Mr. Arbuthnot glanced at his watch. "I may as well. Are you going back to Rosemary, Nellie? Tell her not to be nervous."

Elinor's rather sad eyes, the eyes of the woman of forty, watched them leave the paddock, two long, slim figures, strangely unalike, yet perfectly in accord. The boy's dark head was not quite on a level with Cecil's, and the young, vivid face was turned a little upwards as they walked. She sighed. She knew just how Cecil Arbuthnot looked when this, his only son, was with him—as one who has hungered, but now, at last, has his heart's desire; satisfied, with all that a man may show of his heart in his eyes.

Did they really need her? Surely not. The Arbuthnots were, notoriously, a devoted couple. Cecil was still his wife's lover, and she repaid his chivalrous devotion with an unfailing gentleness that he found divine. In his eyes she was perfect. Only Elinor, her elder sister, knew what secret agonies of contrition, what unavailing tears, what ecstasies of humble love and gratitude had been, in spirit, poured out by Rosemary at this man's feet.

They were very popular in the county. Cecil had been the M.F.H. for some years now. They entertained lavishly, and Rosemary was an excellent hostess. And the boy, strangely enough, had escaped spoiling. David was charming, everyone agreed. He was dark as a gipsy, a complete foil to his father's and mother's fairness. "He looks like a Spaniard." Elinor had listened more than once to some such comment, and heard Cecil laugh as he shook his blonde head. "Queer, isn't it? It may have been. The Arbuthnots were all rovers." It had hurt her to hear him. Poor Cecil.

As she crossed the paddock she was waylaid by an old acquaintance, a Mrs. Ponsonby.

"That you, Miss Somerville? Have you really left the poor to their own devices for once? We all think you so wonderful."

Elinor stiffened a little. She did not like Mrs. Ponsonby. "I am going to my sister," she said.

"Are you?" The too red lips were smiling. "I saw her just now, on the stand with Sir Patrick Desmond—Baccarat Pat, you know. I thought she looked ill. I hope I was wrong."

There was a hardly perceptible pause before Elinor answered.

"Patrick Desmond? I thought he was in South America?"

Mrs. Ponsonby opened the large blue eyes, that still retained some look of youth, in the child-like surprise supposed to become her.

"Oh, didn't you know? His brother is dead. The old place is Patrick's now—to sow wild oats in, if he wants to." She laughed a little spitefully. "But I should think he's tired of even that alluring pastime by now. He must be forty-five. You were children together, weren't you? Wasn't he engaged to your sister once?"

Elinor met her eyes unflinchingly. The danger that for so long had shadowed their horizon, like a little black cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, seemed about to cover their sky, would blot out their sunshine unless—unless what? As yet she did not know. Only she forced herself to speak, to smile lightly.

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"It was a boy and girl affair. It was soon broken off."

"Well, I think it's very sweet of her to be nice to him." Mrs. Ponsonby passed on, and Elinor hurried in search of her sister. As she went up the steps of the stand she looked up into the semi-darkness above her. Rosemary was there, tall and pale in her splendid furs, and by her side, Patrick Desmond.

He smiled, looking straightly at her as she approached them, and extended a thin, brown hand in greeting. That smile of his, challenging, compelling, a piece of bravura always—how well she remembered it! She thought now she had always hated it. And yet, as she looked, she saw that he had changed. He looked so tired. The years that the locusts had eaten, the useless, fruitless years, had left their mark on him. The dark eyes were ringed with a network of fine lines; there was grey in the black hair.

She could not think of Pat as an old man. He had seemed youth incarnate, heedless, charming youth. She felt a sudden pang of pity for him, and once again, as she looked, that fear. . . . Dear God, how alike, how terribly alike, they were, he and the boy, this man and David! She glanced around her, nervously. Surely—surely everyone must see. . . . When he spoke it might have been David's voice she heard.

"You don't seem inclined to fall on the wanderer's neck?" he said.

"Why should I?"

"Ah, but you were always sharp-tongued, Nellie. Haven't you a soft corner anywhere in your hard heart for a poor devil——?"

"No," she answered him almost fiercely, remembering the wrong that he had done them all.

How it all came back to her. That dreadful week at Cowes when Cecil had to leave them for some urgent business in London, and Pat Desmond had seized the opportunity to come and say good-bye. It was just before the crash, and already people looked at him askance. There had been defiance and a sort of despair in his eyes, and in Rosemary's something that her sister could not bear to think of, even now. They had loved one another, those two, when they were still little more than children, but they were both so poor, and they had tried to be worldly-wise. Pat had looked about him for a rich wife, trying baccarat meanwhile, and backing horses, and—other things. And the beautiful Irish girl had married Cecil Arbuthnot.

If only Pat had not come to say good-bye! Rosemary had not long been married, and she had not loved her husband then. She had confessed to Elinor that she thought him "stodgy." Elinor tried to think what she must do. The two men must be kept apart for this afternoon; the rest would be easy. When Pat knew, when he saw David, surely he would understand. He must efface himself again, and finally. He owed them that, she thought.

Rosemary had sunk back into her chair. "Here is David," she said.

Elinor, turning, saw the boy coming up the steps. Patrick looked too.

"Rosemary"—he was suddenly eager—"Rosemary, is this your son?"

Instinctively Elinor moved a little, screening them from the boy's eyes. He had seen it then, that wonderful, awful likeness, so soon! Rosemary's answer seemed to come from a long way off.

"Yes. Oh, Patrick, please go away!"

Then David's fresh young voice broke in.

"This is father's race, mother. I say, you do look bad. Is there anything the matter?"

Rosemary was acutely conscious of Patrick's presence, of his nearness. His coat-sleeve just brushed her shoulder, and she heard the sudden sharp intake of his breath. Prisoners in the dock might stand like this, she thought, side by side, facing their judge.

"No, nothing, darling." She tried to speak naturally. "David"—the beloved name was always unutterably tender on her lips—"David, this is Sir Patrick Desmond."

"I knew your mother very well years ago—long before you were thought of," Patrick said. He laughed nervously, and the hand he held out shook perceptibly. Evidently he hardly knew what he was saying. The boy thought him a queer sort of chap, and Elinor glanced at him, her mind working quickly.

"David," she said, "I saw Lord Verney down there. He said would you—er—would you go to him before the race?"

"Oh, bother," the boy said. "Well, I'll be back in a second."

When he was gone Elinor turned to her sister's old lover. "For heaven's sake," she said.

Patrick looked at her with dazed eyes. "What shall I do?" Sometimes in his misspent life he had wondered what it would be like to have a son—a little son all his—a son, like David, very nearly a man, to walk with, arm in arm. . . . He looked back wearily on the grey tapestry of the years. He had always shirked all responsibilities, always wanted to be free. He would not put his hand to the plough, not he, and make furrows, and scatter the grain that should come up in due season. And now the harvest time had come; the others were garnering their sheaves; only he stood by idle, with empty hands.

"You must go away." Elinor spoke quietly, insistently, but more kindly than before.

People were crowding into the stand. "I must see you later," he said, and so he left them.

Elinor bent over her sister. "Don't be afraid, dearest," she whispered.

She had no time to say more. David had come back.

"They're off," he said. He put up his glasses. "Franchetti's leading; Carmen a bad second. Well *done*, dad! Oh!"

There was a shout from the crowd. The mare had stumbled, tried to recover herself, and fallen heavily. A minute later she had got to her feet, and was cantering comfortably after the rest of the field, but the rider lay still.

David pushed his way through the little group of men who had gathered about him. "I'm his son," he said; "let me pass."

A stretcher had been brought, and the injured man was carried off the course and laid on the floor in one of the dressing-rooms. While the doctor made a hurried examination David stood by. "Is it very bad?" he asked. Then he heard his mother's voice at the door. She came in quickly, followed by Elinor, and knelt by her husband's side. Tears were running down her face.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

(Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, may be obtained from the Publisher)

(Continued from page 84)

"No bones broken," the doctor said cheerfully. "A slight concussion. Is your car here?" He spoke to David. "Get him home as soon as you can."

The boy gave a quick little gasp of relief. His father, his dearest friend—to see him lying there, so white, with closed eyes; it had been—well, pretty awful.

He put his arm about his mother's shoulders. "You hear, muv?" In his excitement he used his baby-name for her. "That's splendid, isn't it? Miles is fetching the car now. We'll have him home in half an hour." He spoke soothingly, as one speaks to a child. Something in his mother's beautiful, strained face woke in his heart a new feeling for her—a sort of pity, was it? He helped her to her feet, and she clung to him.

"David," she said. He patted her hand.

"It's all right, mother," he assured her. "Come along."

She leant heavily on his arm as they crossed the field in the wake of the stretcher. Cecil and David—Cecil and David. The words swung to and fro in her brain, blotting out the rest. They were all the world. Nothing, nobody else mattered.

Patrick Desmond was standing by the field-gate, a little apart from the group of loafers and stable-boys that had collected there. Rosemary passed quite close to him. He would have spoken to her, but they were just lifting the stretcher on which her husband lay on to the car, and it seemed she had no eyes for anything else; and to the boy, of course, he was nothing.

Elinor came after, and he turned to her, since no better might be.

"I must see them again," he said, "I must. Will she meet me somewhere?"

"Hush!" she said. "You know what you must do." She turned away as he bent his head in silence. "It is the very least——"

The sentence was a just one; he knew that well enough. Not for him the golden grain stored up in barns; not for him, the wastrel, the wanderer. Long after the car had passed out of sight he stood there, bareheaded, on the dusty road.

On the following morning Elinor had a letter from him. He was leaving England again, he told her, and this time he meant to try Africa. They would not be troubled with him any more. He had added a postscript. He was so womanlike in some things. "Try to think kindly of me, all of you."

. . . . . .

It was Cecil who read out the notice of his death nearly a year later. They were at breakfast. Elinor was staying with them. She had come down, but Rosemary was still in her room.

Cecil had unfolded the *Post*. "'DESMOND.—*On the 10th of October, at Mombasa, Sir Patrick Desmond, aged forty-five.*' Fever, of course. You knew something of him once, didn't you, Nellie?"

Before she could answer him David broke in. "A queer, dark chap. We met him at Heathfield last year—that time you had your spill, father. A bit mad, he looked. I didn't care for him much." He helped himself to another piece of toast.

Cecil went on reading. He glanced up presently. "What's the matter with your eyes, Elinor?" She answered him indistinctly, and he did not pursue the subject. He was rather inclined to think she had been fond of that good-for-nothing Irishman. He told his wife so later when he went up to her room to see her. She lay with her face turned to the wall. Her head ached, she said. He left the paper with her. "David says he met him in the spring, and didn't care for him much."

If Rosemary winced he never saw it, but Elinor, coming in afterwards, found her weeping, almost hysterical.

"You heard, Elinor, you heard! David said he didn't like him much. Isn't that like Cecil? They are so alike. Oh, the stodginess! Pat's epitaph. . . . He would have laughed, wouldn't he? '*He was not much liked.*' We always loved or hated, didn't we? But he would have his freedom, and so now he is outside, alone, in his little, little grave. Who said that, Nellie? Richard the Second, was it? It wouldn't really be little, would it? He was rather a big man. I—I can't help wishing David had liked him—"

OLIVIA MAITLAND DAVIDSON and MORAY DALTON.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Grouse Shooting in the Highlands: The Gamekeeper Waiting for the Guns on the Hillside

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

[We have invited the well-known critic and litterateur, Mr. Robert Ross, to contribute a weekly causerie. This week he introduces himself to the reader. In subsequent issues he will doubtless be found dealing, not infrequently, with books of the day, hour, and moment.—Ed.]

Obsolete Fleet Street

I once made myself very unpopular at a gathering of journalists because I said, "What England thought the day before yesterday, Fleet Street will think to-morrow." I utter that warning once again, more for my own benefit than for any other reason. Journalists, from living like night-jars, lose their touch with modern life; they see only the night side of nature—from a different point of view, of course, from that of the late Mrs. Crowe in her once famous "Bogey Book"; they imitate the Snark in breakfasting at five-o'clock tea and dining on the following day. Under the delusion that they are directing public opinion and public taste, they are really breathlessly chasing them. What should they know of England who only Fleet Street know? A younger generation with new heroes and new ideals is growing up all the time—a younger generation for whom the old names and prejudices mean nothing.

Editors Old and New

On certain great daily papers (I am not thinking of any particular paper) there are usually some sturdy old night-jars who always object to the editor introducing new and younger blood; they confuse experience with knowledge; and they ascribe the hundred years' existence of their journal to their own ignorance of contemporary thought. Many a fallen circulation is due to the triumph of that attitude. But on weekly newspapers, edited for the most part by the young and the clever (the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* being honourable exceptions), the tradition is reversed, and there is an idea that one of the old guard may give ballast, especially to the sprightly illustrated periodicals. That is how I come to be here. For I am really an old Victorian hand. It is a moot point whether the Bystanders, if I may call my readers by that convenient name, will stand me. But they must not stop taking in the paper; they must write to the Editor and protest in polite and forcible language, pointing out that my views on literature are old-fashioned and out of date. I am prepared for instant dismissal.

An Introduction

There is a terrible possibility, hardly anticipated, I think, by the Editor of The Bystander, that you have never heard of me. To wake up and find yourself absolutely unknown is one of the commonest tragedies in Fleet Street. How many reputations are born to blush unseen by any but the frequenters of that strenuous thoroughfare. "Full many a gem"—as Dick Swiveller would have said. "Blame not the bard." Let me hand my readers the weapons by which I shall fall.

"Who's Who"

I suppose everyone knows "Who's Who"? Well, on page 1681 I shall be found, or, rather, my not at all distinguished career—my slender links with literature and art. "Who's Who" is one of the most exciting books I know. Each year you wonder who will be added to the contemporary pantheon. You are surprised at certain omissions, and are, perhaps, not altogether pleased with certain inclusions. It is rather humiliating to find those you despised at school with a large number of works to their credit, or occupying official positions; heart-rending to see degrees and letters after the names of those who despised *you*. There is the pleasure of noting the absence of those who would give their eyes and even a cheque to Messrs. A. and C. Black for the privilege of momentary "immortality." For I fear we shall not all pass into the Dictionary of National Biography. "Who's Who" is a delightful modern purgatory, where, the sequence reversed, you rub shoulders with Dante before joining Virgil in—oblivion. The only point on which I suspect the veracity of the autobiographies are some of the "recreations." I know we are a sporting nation; that every true Englishman (I am Scotch) plays cricket; that anyone who cannot handle a bat (I am partly Irish) is a fool. So I forgive those who have not played cricket since they were ten, putting down cricket as a loved pastime. But when we come to "shooting," I foresee an element of danger. Imagine a host wanting to make up a party for his coverts. He looks up in "Who's Who," of course, to find out which of his eminent friends numbers "shooting" among their accomplishments and recreations. I know someone to whom that happened. The eminent man was obliged to live up to his autobiography in "Who's Who" . . . the bag consisted of a dog and his host's younger son.

A Memory

The late Mr. Hall, of Six-Mile Bottom, a famous shooting-box near Cambridge, told me once an amusing story which illustrates what a real fool's paradise, not only journalists, but literary people live in. Mr. Hall, who was formerly a correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Franco-Prussian War, was not a sportsman himself; though he saw serious

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HORS CONCOURS, BRUSSELS EXHIBITION, 1910.

shooting at Gravelotte and Sedan. He inherited his estate from a sporting uncle shortly after the war. Much to the disgust of the head gamekeeper, his first house-party did not include a single gun. The guests were all intellectuals—with whom Mr. Hall formed friendships through his position on the *Daily News*. There was Turgénieff, with his long hair; Herbert Spencer, with his domelike forehead; Tyndall; so far as I remember, Tennyson; G. H. Lewis, and George Eliot, with her strange, massive, equine face. The birds were fairly safe. But the head gamekeeper, Joram, was much disappointed, and Mr. Hall felt some impressive apology was due to an old family retainer as there was to be no sport that day. "Do you know, Joram," he said, pointing to George Eliot, then in the zenith of her fame, "that the lady over there is considered the greatest writer of English since Shakespeare?" Joram gazed at the most lurid figure in a lurid-looking group with undisguised contempt, and then, touching his hat, replied, "I was thinking they'd all be something of that sort by the look of 'em." That was before the days of "Who's Who"; such ignorance now would be inexcusable. Every gamekeeper knows that Miss Corelli is the greatest Englishwoman who ever lived in Stratford-on-Avon. And that Mr. Hall Caine is the greatest Manx writer since the death of Rossetti.

"The Green Book"

But if indispensable, "Who's Who" is the most sensational annual, and the best bed-reading that I know, and hardly less attractive is that newcomer—"The Green Book of London Society," which is a work of introspective psychology, and for a wonder useful. "The Directory of British Titles," one of its chief features, is quite the least confusing peerage. Lineage and complicated pedigrees are omitted—perhaps wisely in these days of heraldic archæology and mere political awards. I only wonder whether "Society," though thoughtfully separated from the other useful catalogues, will like it. Society is jealous of brackets. However, it will find the "Green Book" enormously helpful. "Whom to Hear and What to See," "Interesting Churches and Preachers," are things on which Society is often hungry for information. Dr. Emil Reich appears among the "Leading Entertainers of London" along with Mr. Ernest Wellbeloved (quick-change and character sketches).

The Primæval Sladen

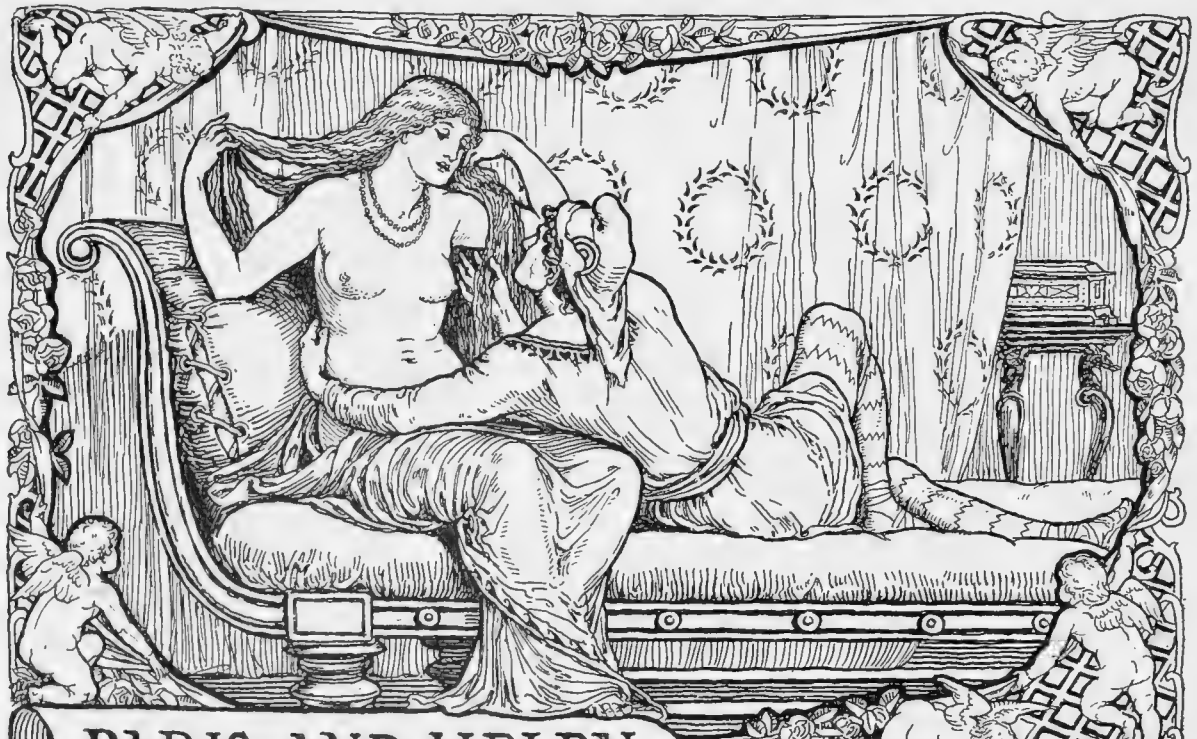
Mr. Douglas Saden, the editor, the original begetter of "Who's Who," isolates, very properly, in a Part III., Literature and Art from Society. Here are a large number of engaging classifications, "Leading Authors," "Leading Artists," "Leading Actors." I think there might have been a list of Leading Poets. That reminds me that the Poets' Club has been left out. There are one hundred and twenty members of that delightful society. The Poet Laureate does not belong, but there are other *prosateurs*, such as myself. Then there is that semi-secret Association called the Agenda Club, advertised, rather oddly for a secret society, in the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Spectator*. What it is or is going to do must be found out by Mr. Horatio Bottomley. The Agenda Club is going to dry-nurse someone apparently, and Nursing Homes are a speciality of *John Bull*, though omitted by the "Green Book." However, I must not complain. I appear, though, alas! not in the Society Section.

A Promise

Next week, if Bystanders are standing by, I shall talk to you of books even by writers not in "Who's Who" or the "Green Book." You will hear no more of me. Be assured. You can order the next number safely. The personal pronoun will merely symbolise "A Bystander" or "A Log Roller."

Autumn Nights in London: A Photographic Nocturne in Shaftesbury Avenue, which is now nightly thronged by theatre-goers

BY THE LATE SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.D., J.P.



PARIS AND HELEN

NOW REPRINTED FROM THE "BON GAULTIER" BALLADS BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR. ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1842

AS the youthful Paris presses
Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
Close and ever closer pressed,

HE said: "so let me quaff the nectar
Which thy lips of ruby yield;
Glory I can give to Hector,
Gathered in the tented field.

"LET me ever gaze upon thee,
Look into thine eyes so deep;
With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I'll keep.

"O my Helen, thou bright wonder,
Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blessed like me.

"HOW mine eyes so fondly linger
On thy soft and pearly skin;
Scan each round and rosy finger,
Drinking draughts of beauty in!

"TELL me whence thy beauty, fairest,
Whence thy cheeks' enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

THUS he spoke with heart that panted,
Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted
While his Helen thus replied:

"BE no discord, love, between us,
If I not the secret tell!
'Twas a gift I had from Venus,—
Venus who hath loved me well.

"AND she told me when she gave it,
Let not e'er the charm be known
O'er thy person freely lave it,
Only when thou art alone.'

"TIS enclosed in yonder casket—
Here behold its golden key;
But its name—love, do not ask it,
Tell't I may not, ev'n to thee!"

LONG with vow and kiss he plied her,
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped asleep.

SOON was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow;

THEN her heedless fingers oping
Takes the key and steals away
To the ebon table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay;

EAGERLY the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
Fragrant of the Sweetest Roses
Cakes of PEARS' Transparent Soap!

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Notes on New Books

A New Treasure Island

In *Uncle Polperro* Mr. Alphonse Courlander adds to his reputation as a humorous writer. It is a new version of the somewhat well-worn theme of a Treasure Island, but the method of handling has some freshness. The principal character, Uncle Polperro himself, is a typification of optimism. A retired sweetstuff manufacturer, he purchases a South Sea island, and proceeds to instal himself as President. A man who made a fortune by such shrewd methods as his are shown to have been is hardly likely to be quite so easily victimised by the cunning of his sea captain. However, humour is humour, and one is not disposed to exact too much truth out of those who make us laugh. The most valuable achievement of the author of *Uncle Polperro* is to prove that not only Mr. W. W. Jacobs can write a laughable story of the sea. Mr. Courlander's captain and crew are thought out and treated with a thoroughness that suggests deep study. Perhaps one is a little too long on the high seas, and the story would have been more satisfactory had one come to the Treasure Island within the first half. But, as said before, the book is bright and amusing, so why cavil?

Pseudo-Philosophy

Was Mrs. Havelock Ellis quite well-advised in devoting the greater part of even a small book, *Three Modern Seers* (Stanley Paul), to the somewhat dangerous pseudo-philosophy of the late James Hinton? It is, no doubt, possible to convince oneself that through free gratification of passion a man may attain spiritual ecstasy. So some men may, and the man who has demonstrated it in his own case is, possibly, justified in setting forth his theories. But to revive such theories after his death, and to place them in the company of those of Nietzsche, shows a lack of proportion, and gives them a wholly false importance. There are many people nowadays who are only too anxious to find a philosophical justification for licentious conduct, and to assist them is to do harm and no conceivable good to the cause of truth. For, obviously, Hinton's doctrines are wrong. Not only do all religions, but all codes of ethics, teach us that man's physical and spiritual natures are wholly distinct. One is everywhere bidden to subjugate the one in order to strengthen the other. Hinton bids us cease this process of purification, and look on the physical as the high road to the spiritual. This is arguable, but on analysis, fallacious, and it is regrettable that, at a time when the world is peculiarly receptive to false philosophies, this one should have been dragged from its deserved obscurity.

Making a Hero Out of the Apache

The Apache is so popular a person in Paris to-day that it is hardly surprising that he has now been glorified by fiction into a fine fellow, worthy of a good woman's love. That is, at all events, the theme of Maud Annesley's readable novel, *Wind Along the Waste* (Methuen: 6*s*.). The heroine, an artist, is attacked by Apaches while, as it were, she waits. She walks one night in Paris alone, and the expected, usually so lax, happens. One of her assailants she invites to pose for her picture of Agamemnon, and she becomes quite taken with him—or, rather, by him. It is a bright novel, with plenty of exciting incident.

"Richard Beverley"

This is a work which must not be judged by first impressions. *Richard Beverley* (Digby, Long: 6*s*.) opens curiously, and after the first two chapters one feels inclined to throw the book aside as one of the hyper-erotic type. But as one progresses one sees that what at first may be mistaken for eroticism is in reality the glorification of the highest type of womanhood—the unfailing loyalty to the man who has evoked Love. As far as the main theme is concerned, it is the everlasting tale of two men loving one woman, and of the woman sacrificing herself for the benefit of the one with whom her soul has found its affinity. It is clever, and in parts almost strong, but not very convincing on the whole. For the hero, Richard Beverley, one can have nothing but contempt. He is a sample of the self-pleasing aristocrat, with no more principle than a gentleman cat. However, he pays the price of his philandering.

Sports at the 'Varsities—Hockey

The Progress of Hockey

In no other branch of 'Varsity athletics have such great strides been made in recent years as in hockey. Indeed, the 'Varsities may now be said to be the source from which comes the greatest output of expert players, and many of the leading clubs, like Hampstead, Southgate, and Beckenham, look to the 'Varsities first of all for the maintenance of their prestige. Cambridge has suitably recognised the advance made in the science of the game by conferring on her representatives the full Blue; but Oxford, in a more conservative spirit, has so far refused her players the like distinction. This sort of thing may seem anomalous, but it should be remembered that the principle upon which Blues are granted is by no means the same at the two 'Varsities, and never has been. Oxford has always been more chary of multiplying the number of full Blues and thereby cheapening the honour. But at the present rate of progress the highest reward of merit cannot be much longer denied to Oxford hockey.

Oxford Prospects

With regard to this season's prospects, a good deal, of course, depends on the form shown by this year's Freshmen, of whom little is known at the moment. At Oxford, where J. S. Youle (Felsted and Merton) is captain and C. S. W. Marcon (Lancing and Oriel) hon. secretary, the only Old Blues available, in addition to these two appear to be A. C. Freeman, R. W. Poulton, R. O. Lagden, and A. D. Ball, last year's captain. Though the nucleus of Blues is not, therefore, a very strong one, there are, fortunately, Seniors of fair merit at command. At back, where a partner is needed for Lagden, D. Innes (University) is certain of a good trial; likewise, A. P. Whitehead (Exeter), who, however, usually plays on the left wing, and T. C. Whitehead (Exeter). For the vacant half-back positions there appear to be fewer candidates than for any other place, and of these C. P. Duff (Balliol) is the most likely for the left wing, and either E. S. Lennard (New College) or A. E. Broad (University) for the centre position. A considerable number of aspirants for the forward positions are toward, including J. B. Brooks (Christ Church), who has played fairly frequently for two years now, but has still to obtain his half Blue.

Cambridge Changes and Chances

Cambridge prospects are very uncertain. At the moment of writing the captain and hon. secretary have still to be chosen. If A. F. Leighton, the international who led the side last year, is in residence, the former position should again be his; if he is not going up his loss to the side will be irreparable. Old Blues likely to be available are R. P. Dalley, who, despite his poor display in last year's Inter-'Varsity match, is probably the best 'Varsity goalkeeper yet seen; S. H. Stevens, J. F. Ireland, B. W. Vann, and E. M. Guildford. The nucleus of Seniors is not very promising, for the Freshers these past two years have been very poor indeed. The principal difficulty is likely to be the filling of the full-back positions, for no candidates of sufficient ability and experience look to be forthcoming. For half-back, E. A. W. Plumptree (Pembroke), R. T. Garnett (Emmanuel), and Croft are possibly the best; whilst A. C. Champion (Queen's) should make a good partner to Guilford, and G. C. Clarke (Caius), N. Weir (Peterhouse), C. H. Jones (Trinity), A. H. A. Vann (Jesus) are also useful forwards.

R. C. R.

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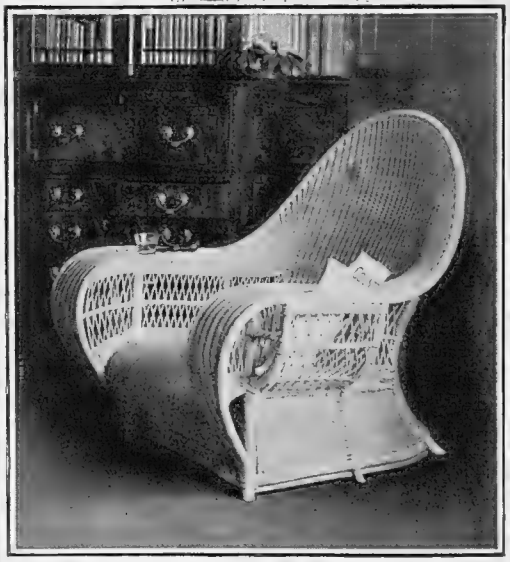

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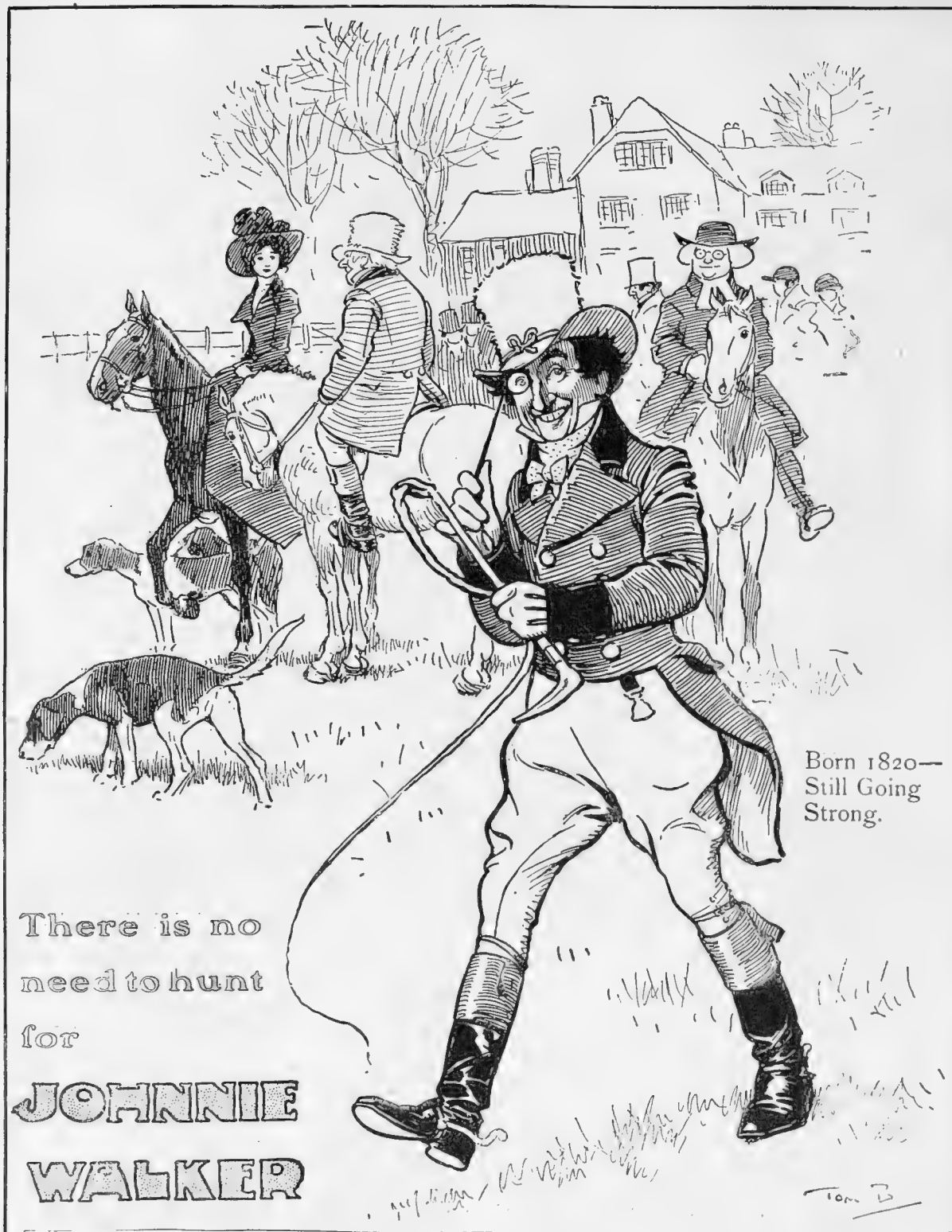

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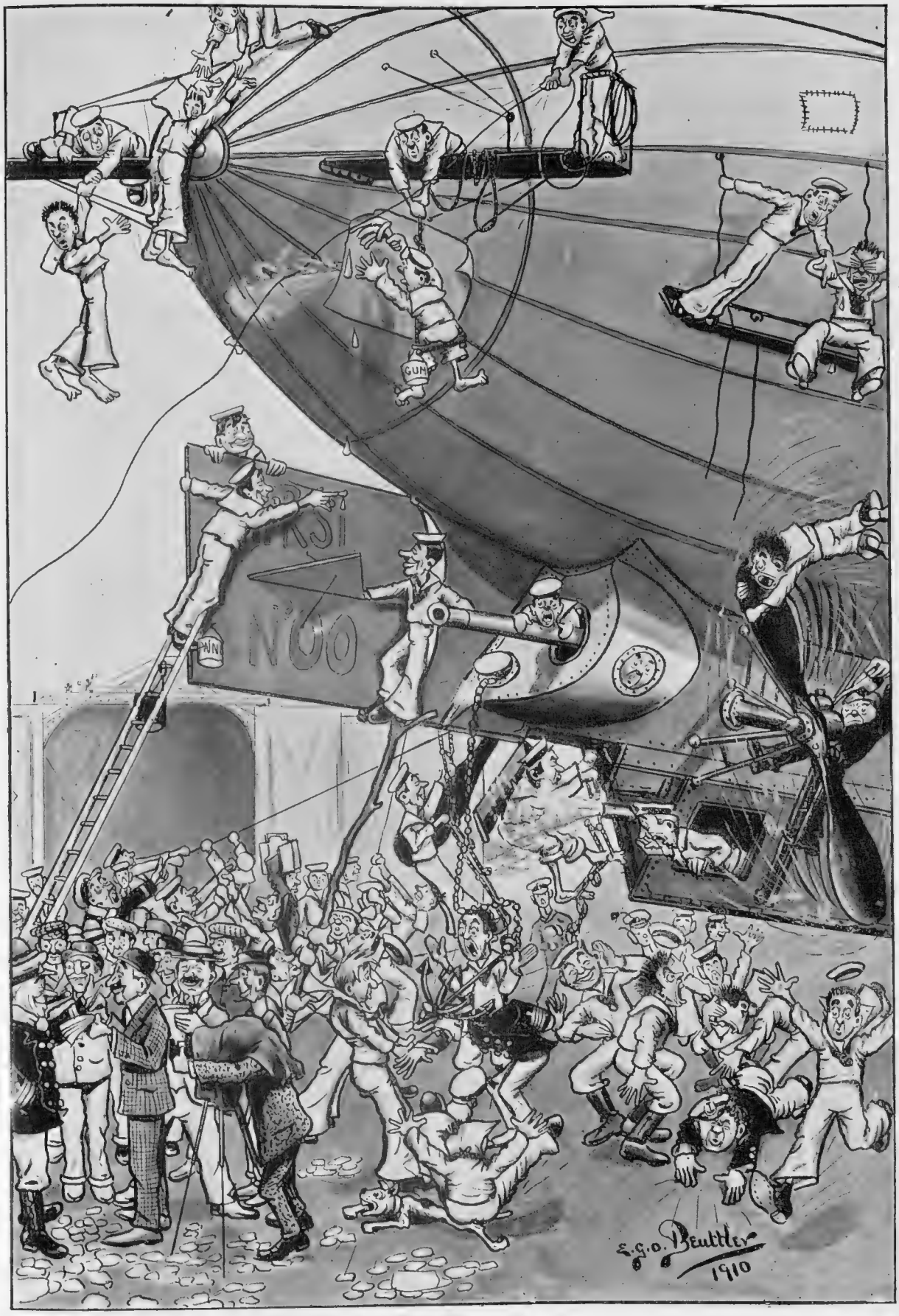

SCENE AT THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST AERIAL DREADNOUGHT

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

A BYSTANDER IN CANADA

No. IV.—AMONG THE HABITANTS

A Peep Across Lake Huron

IT seems to me that the ordinary tourist—especially from England — rushes through French Canada too fast. His first stop after Quebec is Montreal; and the guide-books help him to believe that he has missed nothing. Well, he has missed nothing, perhaps, in the way of spectacular views or big hotels, but he has missed the quiet charm of many a Laurentian village, and he has seen nothing at all of the life of the French-Canadian farmer. That is a pity for the English tourist, because they, too—the habitants—belong to the Empire; and he should know them for what they are: courteous, solid, essentially prudent folk, often well-to-do, but—as the Notaire in one of their own villages told me—without *aisance* and "no show." It is a pity, too, for the habitant, because, as it seems, he tends less and less to realise that the English of the old country are a people with whom he would feel much in common—would like much more than the Irish-Canadians of his own faith whom he sometimes sees, and certainly much more than the Canadians of the West, whose spirit of hustle makes him at once uneasy and reserved.

I stayed at several of these villages between Quebec and Montreal, starting with Portneuf, and enjoyed each in turn, though I would not call any of them beautiful. The farmhouses are pleasant enough, and comfortable within, but one misses the flower-gardens we should have round them at home, and the roads are the abomination of desolation. Of course, I know that the main thing in the New World is to be able to get along anyhow; but never till now have I realised how much picturesqueness depends upon a good road. I am not talking of the scenery on either side—just of the road itself—the well-made, metalled, level surface that distinguishes ultimately a man's trail from the trail of all the other creatures.

As for the countryside in general, I would call it serene and spacious in aspect rather than fine. There is not much satisfaction to the eye in the small, wired fields, but there are the woods, of course, and always the St. Lawrence to fall back on. The farming here would not startle an Englishman, nor yet would the soil. One has to wait for the West for that, I suppose. Still, a lot of English farmers would not mind being able to grow their own patches of tobacco, as they do here; nor yet would they be sorry to own so many acres of maple-wood. The Notaire—whom I have mentioned—who showed me over his village in the absence of the Curé, to whom I had been given introductions—a really pretty village it was, too (but I had to drive out about ten miles to it, along one of the worst roads in the world)—took me to see one of the huts where they boil down the maple-water in the early spring.

He told me that, seven years before, an Englishman, who also spoke French very badly (he put it much more politely than that, though), had come to the village in the spring and slept in one of the huts for days, along with the farmer who owned it, and helped make the sugar, and enjoyed himself thoroughly. I told him I quite believed it, and wished I had come in the spring. It seems that this work—in spite of camping out in these little huts and trotting around in the cold and slush—is very healthy and pleasant. The farmer and his wife, when they come back from it, are usually "very fat and salubrious"—so the Notaire told me. They drink so much of the syrup. I have never met a kindlier old gentleman, or one I liked more, than that Notaire, though he did give me Canadian wine to drink. It was a sort of port or sherry, or both mixed, and it had the genuine oily taste. But it also seemed to have some vinegar in it, and some fruit salts. I like trying things, however.

The Notaire told me a lot about the economy of the parish, which was very interesting. It seemed that the farms averaged eighty acres, and a man and his son would work one of that size. But each farmer would also have some acres of grazing on what might be called common-land, and also his piece of maple-wood. They bought seeds and things in common, and the Notaire himself was secretary of the co-operative farmers' society. He was secretary of pretty well everything that mattered, and seemed to act as father of the parish. Land, he told me, had doubled in value since the railway came close, and the farmers were more scientific than they used to be, and made more money—though they would never spend it "on show." He himself did not make much, but, then, he liked the simplicity of the life, and not being rushed, and being his own master. He spoke English (also Latin and Greek, I believe, for he had been five years at college, qualifying to become a Notaire) very well, though he would sometimes bother to find the right word, and then we would have to compare notes for a long time. Altogether, a very fine old gentleman, and if there are many such to be found in the French-Canadian villages, I hope they will not change too soon. Courtesy and simplicity and prudence are virtues that not the greatest country yet to come will find itself able to dispense with.

R E V.

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Politicians at Golf

The Chancellor of the Exchequer last week entertained Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill at his bungalow among his native hills, when golf on the Criccieth links proved the chief attraction

The Spread of Golf

In former days the wise father was wont to say to his son: "My boy, learn to play good cricket and a sound game of whist. Cricket will see you comfortably through school and college, and for some years afterwards, while whist will keep you going through manhood and middle age, and will soothe your declining years." Bridge has taken the place of whist, and is in its later aspects less soothing and more feverish than whist ever was, and I am not sure that any father would point out to his son the particular virtue of learning it, but I am quite sure that he would take the earliest opportunity of initiating his boy into the mysteries and fascinations of golf, the game which has in the last quarter of a century conquered the world. I do not know of any other instance of an extremely ancient game which has suddenly spread from the land of its birth over the habitable globe. When I first began to play, the game was practically confined to Scotland and a few outer oases where Scottish exiles had started their favourite pursuit. Then, for some mysterious reason, which has not yet been adequately explained, the game began to spread. It overflowed England, Ireland, and the United States, and gradually marched in conquering progress over the whole world.

Its Freemasonry

Why a game so universal in its appeal to humanity of all ages and either sex should have remained, in a sense, parochial for so many centuries, and then have so immeasurably widened its borders, is a question which will tax the ingenious sporting historian in years to come. I have my own theory on the subject, but the question is too recent and too complicated to admit of any simple solution. Perhaps, like the question of the origin of the game, it will remain a mystery of which rival historians will submit conflicting explanations. But of one thing there is not the least uncertainty. The sporting world, having found the game, is determined to exploit it to the utmost. Practically, nowadays, golf is the freemasonry of games. With a bag of clubs and a few dozen balls a man can set out on his travels, and provided he is a fair player and belongs to a good home club, can be sure of finding good friends and a warm welcome wherever he goes.

And its Catholicity

In older days he would have looked out anxiously, and for the most part in vain, for facilities for pursuing his pastime when on his travels. Now it would be hard for him to find a spot which does not boast of its golf course. France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Austria, and even Russia are being rapidly golficised. Each year adds to the number of clubs and to the army of players. THE BYSTANDER from its very birth recognised the importance of the game, and with my humble pen I have endeavoured to spread the light in its pages. It has been a happy, and in many ways an easy, task, for the game makes its appeal to all classes, from Prime Minister to artisan, and on occasion brings them all together to taste its joys in company over the undulating course. Therefore, my friends, if there be among you any who are yet unregenerate and have not yet tasted the delights of golf, lose not a moment, learn the game without delay so that you may escape that bitter lament which I have often heard expressed with poignant anguish, "Oh, why didn't I take to the game before?"

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Royal and Ancient Club

The autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club was rendered remarkable by the fact that Mr. W. E. Fairlie, the winner of the Royal Medal presented to the Club by King William IV., equalled, with his score of 74, the Club Medal record for the Old Course, made in 1904 by Mr. N. F. Hunter and by Mr. V. A. Pollock in 1907. It was, moreover, Mr. Fairlie's first win in this competition; he had previously won the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase and the Calcutta Cup, but never the Royal Medal. For the gold medal, for the next best score to that recorded for the Royal Medal, Mr. J. A. Shaw, Capt. P. G. M. Skene, and Mr. Edward Blackwell tied with 77 each. Mr. Shaw was unable to stay to play off the tie, and accordingly it rested between Capt. Skene and Mr. Blackwell, and the latter, playing fine golf, won with a 74, and thereby joined, along with Mr. Fairlie, the select band of record holders for the medal round.

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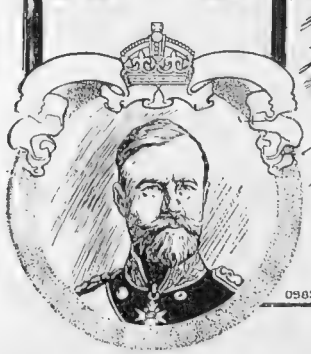

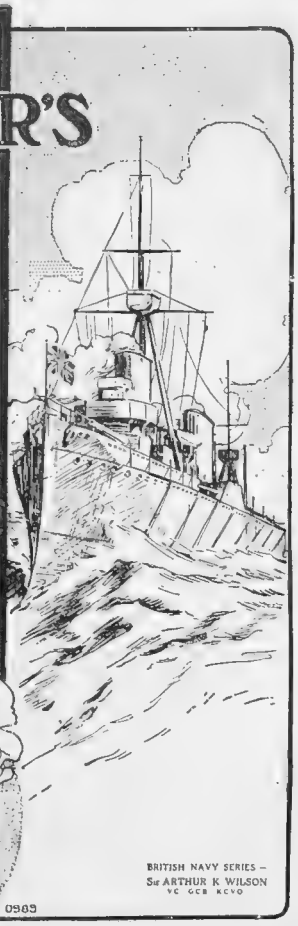

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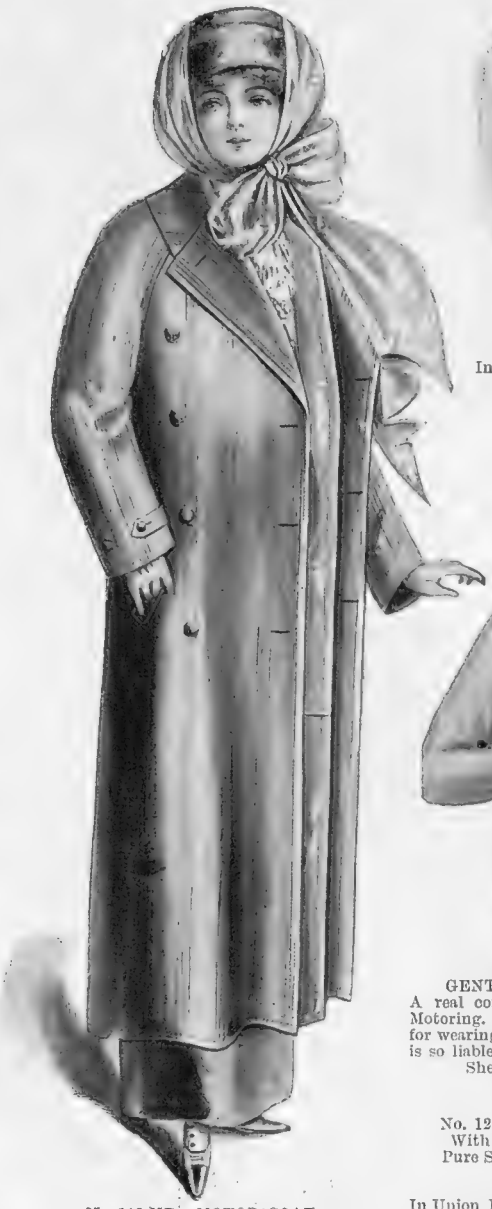

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ON OCTOBER 17 next, the **DAILY GRAPHIC** will be increased from its accustomed size of Sixteen to Twenty-Eight Pages by the addition of a Section of Twelve Pages. ¶ This additional section is for the fair sex; it will be given up to a "Revue" of Autumn and Winter Fashion and kindred subjects of interest to gentlewomen. ¶ The price, however, will remain One Penny as heretofore. ¶ Your order should, therefore, be placed with your newsvendor early, that you may have this illustrated budget of News and Fashion on your breakfast-table on the day of publication, for it should not be missed by any lady interested in "Things for Herself."

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Founder's Day at Harrow School: A Match in Progress

Founder's Day at the famous school on the Hill was celebrated on Thursday last with the usual series of football matches, of which the new "Head," Dr. Ford, was, amongst other notable people, an interested spectator

THE RENAISSANCE OF ENGLISH RUGBY FOOTBALL

To What Is It Due?

It is pleasant to be able, even at this early stage of the season, to take the revival of English Rugger as an accomplished fact. The enthusiasm which was worked up in the course of last season might have proved merely transitory, but we know now that it came to stay; that the game, after its summer sleep, has awakened to a new vitality. What is the reason for this welcome renaissance? Unquestionably our last season's international successes, and the fact that for the first time the tide of Welsh supremacy was effectually stemmed has had a lot to do with it. But this only brings us back practically to the same question in another form. What was the reason for the improvement in the standard of play all over the country which enabled the selectors to pick a team to beat Wales? I think that the true answer is to be found in the proposition that we have begun to take our Rugger a little more seriously.

G. Lawson Lewis
Captain of Harrow School Team

The Right Spirit on the Wrong Lines

The English Rugby footballer prides himself first and foremost on his amateurism, his independence, and his love of pure sport. He plays the game for the game's sake, and for the amusement of himself and his fellow-players both on his own side of the scrum and on the other; he is by no means unmindful of the advantages, material or otherwise, of playing before a "gate," but he resents being bound in any way by what may be comprehensively termed "gate considerations"; and although he likes his side, whether it be his club, his county, or his country, to have a good record, he is no win-at-any-price man, and will take a beating with equanimity so long as he has had a jolly good, straightforward game.

Disillusionment

Now, all this is just as it should be, but, like all good things, it is possible to have too much of it. Independence can easily degenerate into irresponsibility, and the habit of looking upon a game as a congenial way of spending an afternoon, and as an adjunct, perhaps, of other amusements, is apt to lead to casualness, and to deaden the desire to improve, which every man should have no matter what game he plays. I think that Rugger of late years has suffered in this way; that we carried the traditional spirit of Rugby football which I have endeavoured to describe above just a little too far; that we found we were "getting left"; and that we have now awakened to the fact that it is all the better for the game and for ourselves if we play it with a reasonable amount of seriousness, purpose, and ambition. If I chose I could easily name one or two teams, and even one or two players, who have been pioneers in the new movement—for the matter of that, many of my readers will mentally do it for me as they read these lines. First and foremost the name of the Harlequins will suggest itself to them, together with that of their brilliant leader, A. D. Stoop—probably the most capable captain of the day. I could dilate at length upon the purposeful way in which the Harlequins went to work last year, upon the pains which they took to keep fit, to learn to play together, to discuss and practise new methods of attack, and so on. Nothing succeeds like success; their example proved infectious, and was followed by other teams, with the result that English Rugger has entered upon a new era of prosperity.

A Decline in Wales

Concurrently with all these pleasing indications of a boom in English Rugby comes the news, curiously enough, that the game is on the decline in South Wales—the stronghold of Welsh football and the nursery of nearly all her greatest players and teams. One of the reasons always given for the international supremacy of Welsh football is its compactness. The three leading clubs, Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea, supply the bulk of Wales's internationals, and, as these three clubs are continually playing each other, and know each others' methods and capabilities almost to a hair, a team picked from them is invariably better together than an English team picked from North, South, East, and West, some of whose members have, perhaps, never even seen each other before. Now, however, the exclusiveness of the leaders is apparently beginning to react upon the game at large. The lesser clubs complain that they get no scope for advancement, and their members no hope of international honours, and if once this feeling gets abroad the leaders themselves are bound to suffer. Another adverse influence is the increasing popularity of the Association game in the Principality, and particularly in and around Cardiff. The suggested remedy is the establishment of a League on similar lines to the numerous leagues which exist in Soccer. I trust we shall never see such a development of Rugger as this anywhere in the Kingdom, and least of all in Wales. Welsh Rugger has none too good a reputation as it is. One shudders to think what it would be like under the added stimulus and excitement of league rivalry.

BACK ROW *(left to right)*: R. S. Savoury, L. G. Mansfield, J. F. Pollard, E. H. H. Woodward, A. C. Frecker, B. Cutbill, W. E. G. McKenzie
MIDDLE ROW: D. L. Drew, L. H. Moody, A. Krauss (Captain), W. B. Lambert, C. R. Daniell
FRONT ROW: F. L. Shaw, C. C. Couzens, H. S. Rouse, H. A. Spalding

A Keen "Old Boy" Football Club: The Old Blues (first Fifteen)

Though not quite in the front rank of Rugby football, the old boys of Christ's Hospital School, otherwise the Bluecoat School, whence comes the name Old Blues, are one of the keenest "Old Boy" Rugby associations in the metropolis

Week-Ends Out of Town

Cheap tickets, available from Friday, Saturday, or Sunday to Monday or Tuesday, are issued from certain London stations by South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Folkestone, Hythe, Canterbury, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Littlestone, Deal, Sandwich, Herne Bay, Dover, Martin Mill (for St. Margaret's Bay), Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill-on-Sea, Hastings and St. Leonards, Flushing, etc. Particulars as to trains and fares can be had on application to Vincent W. Hill, S.E. and C.Ry., London Bridge Station, S.E.

Plants for Autumn Effect

Planting for autumn effect is much less practised in this country than it is in America, which seems a pity. No doubt the greater heat of the summer there brings a stronger colour into the foliage than it does here; but, in spite of our milder, moister climate, much can be done to make our gardens attractive for a longer period. What, for instance, can be more brilliant than a mass of Virginia creeper? Unfortunately, to the use of climbers architects seem always to have offered a determined opposition, and many of our larger country-houses are so set about with gravel and concrete that plants cannot be grown near them without the greatest difficulty. In many directions, however, there are signs of change. Beds are being dug and climbers planted; in some cases rockwork is brought right up to the walls, as in several of the College gardens at Oxford, and the improvement in appearance is most striking. In all these instances the Virginia creeper, especially the self-clinging form, Ampelopsis Veitchii, plays an important part, and it is seen at its best when its surroundings are brought into harmony with it. "If," says Parsons in his work on landscape gardening, "the mass of cultivated men and women could realise a tithe of the lovely compositions attainable by means of foliage on the lawn, fashion would declare that an attractive house must include such effects if it is to be considered at all complete." There are a large number of plants to choose from—for example, the scarlet maple, the scarlet and golden oaks, and the liquidambar among trees, and the sumachs and some of the spiræas and berberises among shrubs. The effects are greatly enhanced by a dark-green background of conifers.

Autumn Work

The autumnal fading of the foliage is a natural process caused by the gradual recession of certain valuable materials into the neighbourhood of the buds or crowns, where they are stored for future use. Obviously, then, it is a mistake to cut down plants before they have withered, and the task of tidying-up, which is now occupying much of the gardener's time, should not be hurried. Tidiness is important, of course, but the first consideration should be the welfare of the plants. There is much else that he can do now—patch, topdress, and roll the lawn, plant evergreens of all kinds, remove summer bedding as soon as it is shabby, dig and manure the ground, plant more bulbs, and so forth. If the greenhouse has not yet been cleaned this should be done at once, and chrysanthemums should be inside. They have been unusually late this season in forming their buds, and as they have grown very tall, they will require plenty of space; for if they are crowded they will almost certainly be attacked by mildew. It has damaged such climbing roses as Crimson Rambler and Dorothy Perkins very seriously. On pergolas and pillars, where the shoots are often much too thick, some of the worst of them had better be cut away at once. The brightest flowers in the garden at present are Michaelmas daisies and some of the later phloxes. H. C. DAVIDSON.

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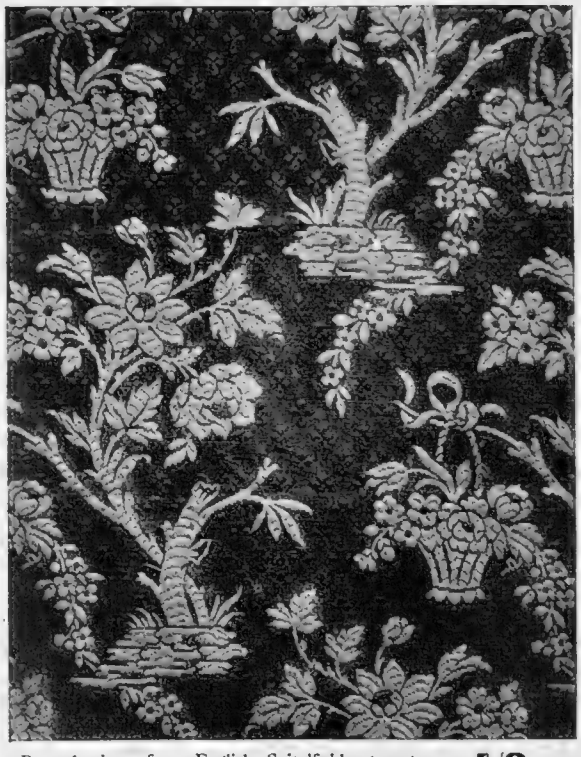

Reproduction of an English Spitalfields tapestry. *Circa 1760.* Width 52 in... .. .. **4/9** yd.

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PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

RACING: The Cesarewitch

BY CARBINE

Our "Good Thing"

It came off all right in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday, and at the splendid price of 8 to 1. I had begun to think that many years of racing and tight, nerve-racking finishes had quietened my enthusiasms, but I confess to being considerably excited when Wolfe Land began to force his way to the front. You see, there had been a moment in the race when it looked 20 to 1 against him. That was before the field reached the bend, and Wolfe Land was a long way last. "What's wrong with him, I wonder?" I said to a friend at my elbow without expecting him to be able to enlighten me on the point. However, when the horses entered the straight Wolfe Land quickly showed that nothing at all was the matter. In the last quarter of a mile he came through his field in remarkable style, and, overhauling the rapidly tiring Buckwheat, gained a decisive victory. I hope my readers had a really good win.

Last Words on the Cesarewitch

And now for to-day's great race. I am necessarily writing these notes a couple of days before the event, and am accordingly in an exasperating state of uncertainty whether Bronzino will be at Newmarket, or, if he is there, whether he is in really racing trim. Perhaps it will be as well to reiterate my opinion that if Bronzino can do himself justice to-day he will win. Never was a Cesarewitch so "made" for a horse as this one was for Mr. Rothschild's colt. His mishap last week came sadly to remind us of equine frailty and of the folly of being really sanguine about anything in racing. In view of the turn of events I am glad that I have all along recommended Verney as likely to win if anything went wrong with the favourite. Never was I sweeter on our double—Verney and Electra—than I am now. After last Saturday's race I feel more convinced than ever that the latter is the likely winner of the Cambridgeshire. However, to find the right one for the Cesarewitch is our more immediate task. We must all have respect for Pure Gem's chance, knowing his ability to get this severe course, but I prefer Magic and Verney to him. Space is short this week, so, briefly to sum up the situation, I consider the race to rest between Bronzino, Verney, and Magic. I fancy them in the order named, but in view of the uncertainty existing about Mr. Rothschild's candidate I adopt the cautious policy of selecting **Bronzino** or **Verney**, and I take MAGIC as the best thing "each way." For the Autumn Handicap this afternoon I recommend **Arranmore**. **Hair Trigger II.** may win the Prendergast Stakes on Thursday. On the concluding day of the meeting the chief event is the Middle Park Plate, which I think will be won by **Seaforth**. For the Pheasant Handicap at Lingfield on Saturday my selection is **Roedean**.

A Chat About Overcoats

Our thoughts at this time of the year naturally turn to the subject of overcoats, the selection of which is not an altogether easy matter. Too frequently we find that our purchase, while good in one respect, has its drawbacks. For instance, when the object desired is warmth, the overcoat will often be found to be very thick and uncomfortable, with a stiffness of movement. But the "Newbury Ulster" and the "Newbury Slip" overcoats, both made by Messrs. Pope and Bradley, 13, Southampton Row, W.C., are ideal. These coats are made with the "Newbury" shoulders and the "pivot" sleeves, which are designed for the purpose of making the coat perfectly comfortable even when the arms are raised or extended. Messrs. Pope and Bradley charge only ninety shillings and three guineas respectively for these coats; the low prices are possible because the firm conduct their business on a cash basis, and, therefore, can avoid the high prices that a tailor who gives long credit is compelled to charge.

THE CIGARETTE DANGER.

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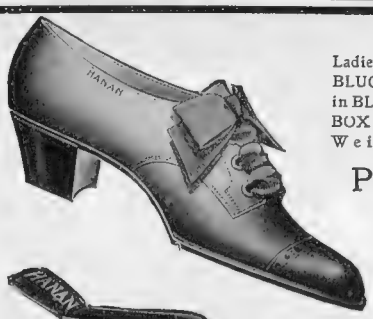

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MOTORING
By Land Sea and Sky

Photograph **An Unrehearsed Effect** [*Dixon*

Mr. Grahame Gilmour on his "Big Bat" Bleriot monoplane racing Messrs. Marsh (6.2 Jackson) and Cummings (9.5 Martini) down the finishing straight at Brooklands last meeting. The Martini won at 45¾ m.p.h. Mr. Gilmour kept in the air for three hours, and won Mr. N. C. Neill's Cup for greatest aggregate flying time

Hunting and the Car

On the first face there seems little relationship between motoring and the hunt, to which this issue is specially devoted. Nor does reflection, taking its cue from that same first impression, make the case more satisfactory. It is more likely to make it less. Is it not the fact that nearly every car used for country or town house purposes has killed at least one horse? Then, how can there be other than a belligerent association between such radically antagonistic media of locomotion? The victory of one is the defeat of the other. Sound reasoning enough. The car has killed the horse until *delicassen* has become quite a drug on the market, and the feline that must catterwaul for skewered sustenance is less favoured of its own particular gods than ever cat was before! But the dead horse was the animal of pure utility. In that sphere of usefulness it could not live against the claims of a mechanically propelled vehicle of higher efficiency, greater reliability, and, in the sum of running cost to-day, no greater expense per mile. Doubtless the owners of carriage horses saw them go, at first, with keen regret, because the love of the horse is in the bones of many of us. But although the decree of fashion is more powerful than princes, it could not conjure the horse back to popular favour for utility purposes again. The motor vehicle has triumphed too thoroughly for that.

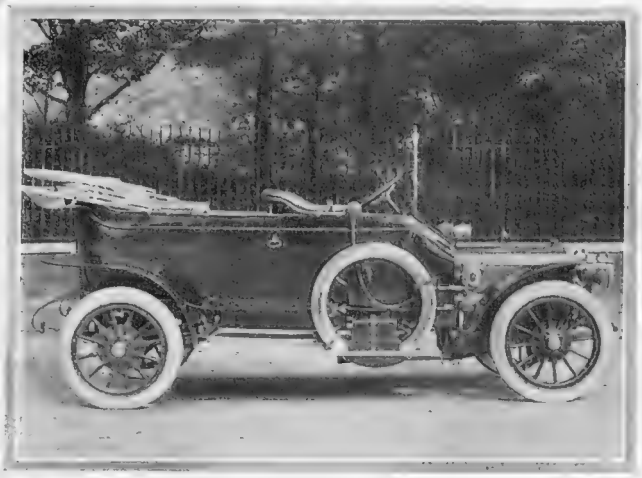
A Big Responsibility—Well Borne!

Mr. N. C. Neill on his 24.8 h.-p. Rolls-Royce, which won the Private Competitors' Handicap from virtual scratch at 71 m.p.h. Mr. Neill always looms large (actually and metaphorically) at a Brooklands race meeting

The Triumph of Automobilism

Just how thoroughly it has triumphed a walk down the Strand with the eyes open will show. It will also surprise even those who had a general impression of the rise of the car. It certainly surprised me when between 8.30 and 9 p.m. I walked from Charing Cross Station up the Strand, and along Kingsway, and counted the vehicles that passed. In that half-mile or so I recorded 219 motor vehicles, nineteen horse vehicles (nine being cabs waiting on the rank for patrons), and one donkey-shay. It was a time unfavourable to the horse, I grant, but, even so, the figures are

amazing. Every leg of the horse for utility purposes is being knocked from under him. But the horse in sport is another and entirely different proposition. There he has lost no ground. In point of fact, it were not a matter of much difficulty to show that his irreconcilable enemy on the field of utility is his friend on the field of sport, and has only established him more securely. The first face conclusion is, therefore, wrong—as it usually is. There is a close relationship between motoring and the hunt, and between motoring and many another outdoor sport, to the maintenance and development of which the car has contributed a considerable something.



The Car Beautiful—and Efficient

The new 12-16 h.-p., 4-cylinder, 4-speed Delahaye, and a fine design in flush-sided (torpedo) bodies. A car of high engineering excellence and effective coachwork

Car Utility in Sport

Consider the evidence of the parked cars at a horse race meeting. Be present at the meet of almost any hunt and note the number who arrive by car and the number who follow by car — not who follow the course of the hunt (we have hardly reached that stage yet !), but the road points of the hunt's passing. Have not the facilities for comfortably covering comparatively long distances (distances impossible because too wearying to a horse or horsed conveyance) strengthened the meet ? I rather fancy if a plebiscite of the views of the M.F.H. were taken it would vindicate the car rather emphatically. The automobile has brought this splendid equestrian sport into the arena of a possible function (either for active participation or for social pleasure) for many to whom, without the car, it would have been largely impossible. With his horses sent on before, or already on the spot, a man may drive down, arrive fresh for the run, have the vehicle round at the finish, and return in peace. That is the man who must cover ground before he can get across his hunter As for those near at hand, or who may not have a car available, why motoring has not robbed the pack of a pennyworth of *their* sport nor weakened the ruck by a single rider. However regarded, so long as the love of the game is keen the automobile must strengthen rather than weaken hunting. "So long as the love of the game is keen." But is not that the whole problem ? Has not the car

The Incomparable

White Steam Car

of the famous 1910 "Fifteen" Model (the price is £425 complete) can be run for less money than any Car of like power and price. :: ::

Why ?

1. It is easier on tyres than any other Car in the market. (Ask tyre Makers.)
2. It will run from 15 to 17 miles per gallon on paraffin (or benzine or petrol may be used).
3. Repairs cost but little owing to standardization and few moving parts. (The engine has but four bearings.)

If it is cheap to buy and economical to run, don't you want to know something about it ?

If so, send for our illustrated Steam Car Catalogue. . . .

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Speciality : Motor Bodies of exclusive design for any type of chassis.

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BYSTANDER
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No. 358.—Vol. XXVIII. Wednesday, October 12, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

HAMPTON & SONS
AUCTIONEERS

37 GERRARD. VALUERS

WILLET-BUILT HOUSE.

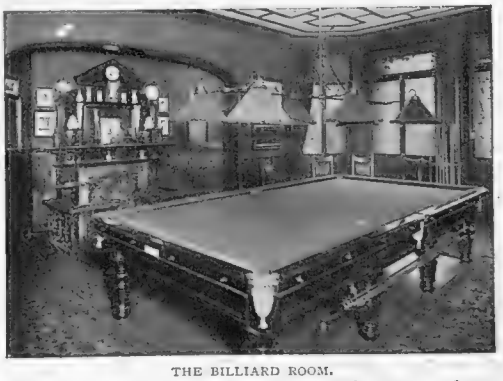
HAMPSTEAD (WITHOUT DOUBT ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING PLACES IN THE DISTRICT).—Handsomely fitted, beautifully panelled, up to date in labour-saving appliances. Newly decorated, and ready for immediate occupation if wished.

THE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

PRICE, £6,000. MUCH UNDER COST.
LEASE ABOUT 70 YEARS. GROUND RENT ONLY £28.

THE DINING ROOM.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.

The accommodation is arranged on the country house plan, there being 3 reception rooms and large square hall on the entrance floor. Both drawing room and morning room have South aspects, open into conservatory, and overlook the gardens in rear. Billiard room. 8 or 9 bedrooms, the principal being on the first floor; 2 fitted bathrooms. Hot water throughout. Electric light. Pretty inglenook fireplaces. Large secluded private garden. Open situation. Convenient for access to City or West End. Excellent schools in neighbourhood.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 45 ACRES.

Exquisitely positioned on Southern slope of a hill.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS

embracing Knockholt Beeches, Elmstead Woods and the Surrey Hills.

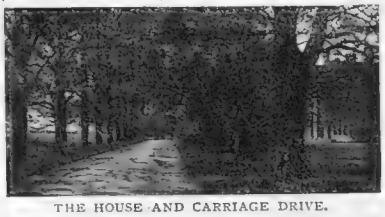
A DRIVE SOUTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, *one of the best-known examples of modern Elizabethan architecture, substantially built and elaborately fitted and finished absolutely regardless of cost.* 500ft. above sea, in perfectly secluded and countrified position. Sand and gravel soil; due South aspect. Approached from a pretty rustic lodge by a long winding carriage drive through finely timbered grounds, the RESIDENCE contains: *lofty and well-proportioned hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices.* Excellent detached stabling for 5, with groom's rooms over; coachman's house; farm-buildings, gardener's cottage.

ARTISTICALLY DISPLAYED GROUNDS.

3 terraced lawns for tennis, croquet, and bowls, grass promenades, high brick wall in Elizabethan style, protecting one of the terraces, 2 recessed alcoves forming summerhouses, kitchen garden, glasshouses, grandly timbered, undulating, parklike lands, and 22½ acres of ornamental woodlands, in all about 45 acres. *Gas and Company's water. Hot-water heating. Telephone. Close to golf course.*—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

19½ ACRES.

4 miles from Tonbridge and 45 minutes from Town.



THE HOUSE AND CARRIAGE DRIVE.

KENT—"HADLOW VICARAGE," near Tonbridge. Extremely picturesque Residence, approached by an

AVENUE OF FINE OLD ELM TREES.

3 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices. Capital stabling for 4, large coach-house, gardener's rooms, cowshed.

HANDSOMELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

well-kept lawn, providing 4 tennis courts, partly walled kitchen garden, etc., parklike paddocks of about 10½ acres, and grass orchards of about 5 acres, in all about 19½ acres. HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, in conjunction with LANGRIDGE and FREEMAN, at the Mart, E.C., on October 25 (unless previously disposed of). Solicitors, Messrs. DAY and SON, 2, Millbank House, S.W.—Details of LANGRIDGE and FREEMAN, Tunbridge Wells, or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

OVERLOOKING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS.
HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the club-house: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

—Apply, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Street, W. (4,748)

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

SURREY.—A compact FREEHOLD FARM, known as "COURT LEES," SOUTH GODSTONE (2½ miles from Godstone Station, S.E.R.), comprising, a really good HOUSE, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; with stabling for 5 horses, well-laid-out gardens, small orchard, farm-buildings, about 130 acres of meadow-land, 50 acres of sound arable land now in grass, and an ornamental wood of 5 acres, the total area being just over 185 ACRES. The property is bounded by good roads, and is intersected by a stream, and is about 1 hour from London Bridge, Cannon Street, and Charing Cross. Company's water is laid to within 400 yards of the north boundary. Tithe last year averaged only 1s. per acre. No land tax. The whole in good order. To be OFFERED by AUCTION at East Grinstead, on Thursday, November 3rd, 1910.—Particulars of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARD, BOWIE and Co., 7, King Street, Cheapside, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,710)

BY DIRECTION OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as "THE CHANTRY," BISHOP'S STORTFORD,

comprising the charming old-world Residence, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and hall, good offices; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage, coachman's cottage; the whole occupying an area of about 4 ACRES. To be OFFERED for SALE, in one lot, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, November 8th, 1910.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, can be obtained of Messrs. W. GEE and SON, Solicitors, Bishop's Stortford; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. G. E. SWORDER and SONS, Bishop's Stortford; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE
which has only been in the possession of two families since the REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

50 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, a delightful old HUNTING-BOX, occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil, and situated well away from all motor noise and dust. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, 21 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; acetylene gas; stabling for 7; the gardens extend to about 10 acres, and include full-sized tennis lawns, 2 walled kitchen gardens, orchard, and well-timbered parklike meadow-land, in all about 70 ACRES: golf links 1½ miles distant; hunting 6 days a week.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,806)

435FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON DRY SOIL, COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above artistic, well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position. The accommodation comprises: panelled lounge hall, billiard, 2 reception, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas; excellent supply of water; well-fitted laundry; stabling for 6; large coach-house and 4 good rooms for men; cottage; picturesque gardens and grounds, rose garden with flagged terrace walks, tennis and croquet lawns, and productive kitchen garden.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,798)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"GALLOPS HOMESTEAD," DITCHLING, SUSSEX (2½ miles from Burgess Hill Station).—A delightfully quaint RESIDENCE, built chiefly of red brick and timber, with thatched roof, approached by a drive nearly a ¼ mile long.

The House contains: LARGE PANELLED LOUNGE HALL, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-rate offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house, 2 men's rooms, etc.; the gardens are most tastefully disposed, and include 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, pergolas, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; SMALL MODEL FARMERY, with cowsheds, pig-styes, etc., and 5-ROOMED COTTAGE, meadow and woodland, in all 54 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION on November 8th.—Illustrated particulars, when ready, of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARREN, MURTON and MILLAR, 45, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

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10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HERTS (in a favourite district, adjacent to first-class golf links, near station, main L. and N.W. Ry., whence London is reached in about 45 minutes).—To be SOLD, the above unusually attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing about 400ft. up, on gravel soil, commanding fine views. It is well away from motor dust, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, handsome billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices. The House is heated, lighted by gas, and water is laid on; certified drainage; unusually charming pleasure grounds of a matured and very picturesque character, with full-sized tennis lawn, etc; small orchard, kitchen garden, and greenhouse, in all about 1½ acres; excellent site for building stabling or garage; hunting with staghounds and foxhounds. Unusual educational advantages.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,498)

PRICE GREATLY REDUCED.
WOULD NOW BE SOLD—A BARGAIN.

"BUTTS HILL," KINGSWEAR.—A highly attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, commanding MAGNIFICENT panoramic VIEWS of the River Dart, the sea, and the adjacent precipitous, tree-clad heights, the whole extending to about 6 ACRES. Mansion of medium size (see view above), electrically lighted and well-appointed throughout; stabling and gardener's house; beautifully timbered grounds, with long frontage to seashore; boathouse. Excellent yachting, hunting, golf, fishing.—Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W., who most strongly recommend this choice Property to the immediate consideration of those desiring a unique residence in this favoured locality.

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station. — Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

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CHARMING AND VALUABLE
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE
OF
72 ACRES
FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.
Midway between
BRIGHTON AND LONDON.
MEDIUM-SIZED
COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.
LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.
Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.
ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.
Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.
Two Cottages.
Near Two Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.
Two miles from a town and station.
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45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY by Expresses.—A very desirable little PROPERTY of about 25 acres to be SOLD. The Residence stands in a small park with lodge, and contains: billiard and usual reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and offices; lovely grounds with small lake, productive gardens, cottages, etc.; first-rate hunting situation; golf close by. Low price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,562)

OVERLOOKING HOOK HEATH GOLF LINKS (under 2 miles from Woking, in a high, healthy situation, on sand, and with grand views).—£3,500 will PURCHASE a picturesque modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, with well-laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, etc.: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace, all modern conveniences; electric light; Company's water; more land if desired.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,679)

HERTFORDSHIRE (perfectly rural and first-class residential and sporting district, 45 minutes from London).

ATTRACTIVE TUDOR HOUSE,

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ROMSEY (near).—The above attractive Country HOUSE, high on gravel, in grounds of 5 ACRES, to be SOLD at the REDUCED PRICE OF £3,000; beautifully situated with fine views; ¾ mile from station, 10 from Winchester: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; gas and water laid on; stabling, motor-house, cottage; pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

IN A HEALTHY PINE DISTRICT.

NEAR STATION, AND 6 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It stands on gravel and sand soil, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, and w.c.; unrivalled views are obtained from the House; excellent water supply and drainage. The grounds include tennis lawn, orchard, woodlands, and comprise in all nearly

6 ACRES.

Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,190)

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200FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

PLEASURE FARM of about 108 acres for SALE, at the moderate price of 5,000 GUINEAS. It is all grass, with the exception of about 5 acres woodlands. The Farmhouse is approached by an avenue of about 300 yds. long, and contains: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, and offices; usual farm-buildings, 5-stall stable, and coach-house.

On the Property is a SMALLER RESIDENCE, containing 2 sitting rooms and 3 good bedrooms.

For its size the place affords good shooting. 40 brace partridges and 20 brace pheasants should be obtained.

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ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

CHARMING OLD-FASIONED RESIDENCE WITH 36½ ACRES.

SURREY (between DORKING and HORSHAM).—The above charming OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, WITH OLD OAK BEAMED CEILINGS AND A GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, coach-house or motor-house, small farmery; pretty well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, pasture and arable land, extending in all to about 36½ ACRES. Rent, £133 10s.; 7 years' Lease. Premium, £100. Rates and taxes only £6.—Recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,814)

BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS. ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF THE TIMES.

Cost £6,000. Will accept £2,500. Must be seen at once.

DORSET COAST (in a fine situation, within easy reach of yacht anchorage).—A substantial stone-built COUNTRY RESIDENCE, commanding lovely sea views: hall, 3 or 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5, and outbuildings; pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn of 3½ acres.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

VERY SUITABLE FOR A YACHTING MAN.

DORSET AND HANTS BORDERS (COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS OF POOLE HARBOUR AND BRANKSEA ISLAND).—To be SOLD, at the very low price of £1,000, an exceptionally well-built and attractive HOUSE, standing in well-timbered grounds of about 1 acre; tennis lawn, etc.; hall, 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; small stabling or motor-house. 99 years' Lease from June, 1883. Ground Rent, £14 10s.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, the above most conveniently arranged, thoroughly well-built RESIDENCE, well away from road, in

WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS,

with tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen garden, paddock and woodland, extending in all to about 15 ACRES: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good domestic offices.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,343)

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

DELIGHTFUL DORKING.—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, standing in EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES: square hall, 4 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, housekeeper's room, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, large coach-house; range of glasshouses. PRICE, £3,750, Freehold.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,377)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

OWNER GOING ABROAD.

THIS CHARMINGLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE.—7 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; very pretty grounds, tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., 3 acres; near 3 golf links; London in 35 minutes. Extremely low Rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 3,903)

HUNTING, FISHING, AND SHOOTING.

KENT (London 45 minutes).—Charmingly situated and attractively furnished RESIDENCE to be LET for any period up to 2 years: 6 bed, 2 reception, bath; stabling 2; garden, orchard, and meadow. RENT, £120 PER ANN.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,674)

FINE VIEWS OF THE SOLENT.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—To be LET, Furnished, or Unfurnished, attractive RESIDENCE, surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds of 7½ acres: 4 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms, etc.; stabling 5; small farmery; coachman's and gardener's cottages; tennis lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden, etc.; golf near. RENT, FURNISHED, ONLY £220 PER ANN. Might be Sold.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,860)

GOOD HUNTING DISTRICT.

DEVON.—Fine old-fashioned RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, situated in 4½ acres of ground: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; fine views; golf 1 mile. Rent, 3½ gns.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,953)

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A List of Residential and Sporting Estates, Farms, Town and Country Houses, Investments, etc., free on application.

HUNTING WITH THE PUCKERIDGE AND ESSEX.

FREEHOLD, £12,000, WITH 76 ACRES.

HERTS.—The above RESIDENCE, situate on dry soil, and containing: 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard, and 4 reception rooms; stabling for 15 and 2 cottages; delightful finely timbered old grounds, woodlands, parkland, and pasture.

HIGHFIELD, EPPING.

ESSEX HUNT (close to Golf Links).—An excellent FREEHOLD DETACHED RESIDENCE, occupying a healthy and open situation, about 360ft. above sea level, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 5 horses; well-timbered pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, orchard, 2 cottages, and paddock, in all about 3a. 3r. 18p. Opposite and in a separate lot are 2 modern cottages with a piece of land adjoining, available as a site for additional cottages, the area of this part being about 0a. 2r. 19p. For SALE by AUCTION at an early date.—Particulars of Messrs. Capel Cure and Ball, Solicitors, 6, Clement's Inn, and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

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There is a great demand from all parts of the world for the "Pipe of Peace," which is the name given by Sir Hiram Maxim to his new invention, an inhaler by which he has relieved his own Bronchitis and Throat Troubles.

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An Illustrated booklet has just been published giving the full history of these inventions. It also contains some valuable information on Hay Fever, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, and most diseases of the Nose, Throat, **FREE** Bronchi, and Lungs. All sufferers are invited to write at once for a free copy to Sir Hiram Maxim's sole licencees, Messrs. John Morgan Richards and Sons, Ltd., Dept. O, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. The "Pipe of Peace" and the MaximInhaler can be purchased at all principal Stores, Chemists, &c., and at the 350 branches of Boots', Cash Chemists, throughout the United Kingdom; in all European Capitals, and in India and the Colonies; in Australasia, of Messrs. Elliott Bros., Ltd., Sydney, and Messrs. Felton Grimwade & Co., Melbourne. Depots established in China and the Far East, also in North and South America and Canada.

. . The essence of Quality and Good Style is a shirt tailored by T. M. Lewin —cut and made for the individual figure—to fit perfectly—and fashioned out of

Telma FLANNEL

. . Men of refined taste will appreciate "Telma" Flannel not only for its obvious goodness — apparent on touch or glance —but for qualities rarely found in combination:—a Silken Softness due to wool of extremely fine texture. . . Lightness of Weight with the maximum of warmth (and thus the minimum chance of chill). . . Unshrinkability. These points will especially appeal to the outdoor man.

"Telma" Flannel is made exclusively for T. M. Lewin to his specification. It is All Wool — Guaranteed Unshrinkable — of medium weight — made in a wide variety of Exclusive Designs.

DAY SHIRTS (to measure), 12/6

. . Patterns of "Telma" Flannel, which will be sent Post Free on application.

T. M. Lewin

18, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, W.

Θερμός
(THERMOS)
is the word the ancient Greeks used when they . . wished to say . .
HOT

In this twentieth century **Thermos** has two meanings, according to the time of the year and the weather. The producers of the

FAMOUS
THERMOS FLASK

have seen to that.

Do you wish your food kept hot?
THERMOS is the word—the THERMOS FLASK will do it for you.
Do you wish your drink kept cool?
THERMOS is the word—the THERMOS FLASK will do it for you.

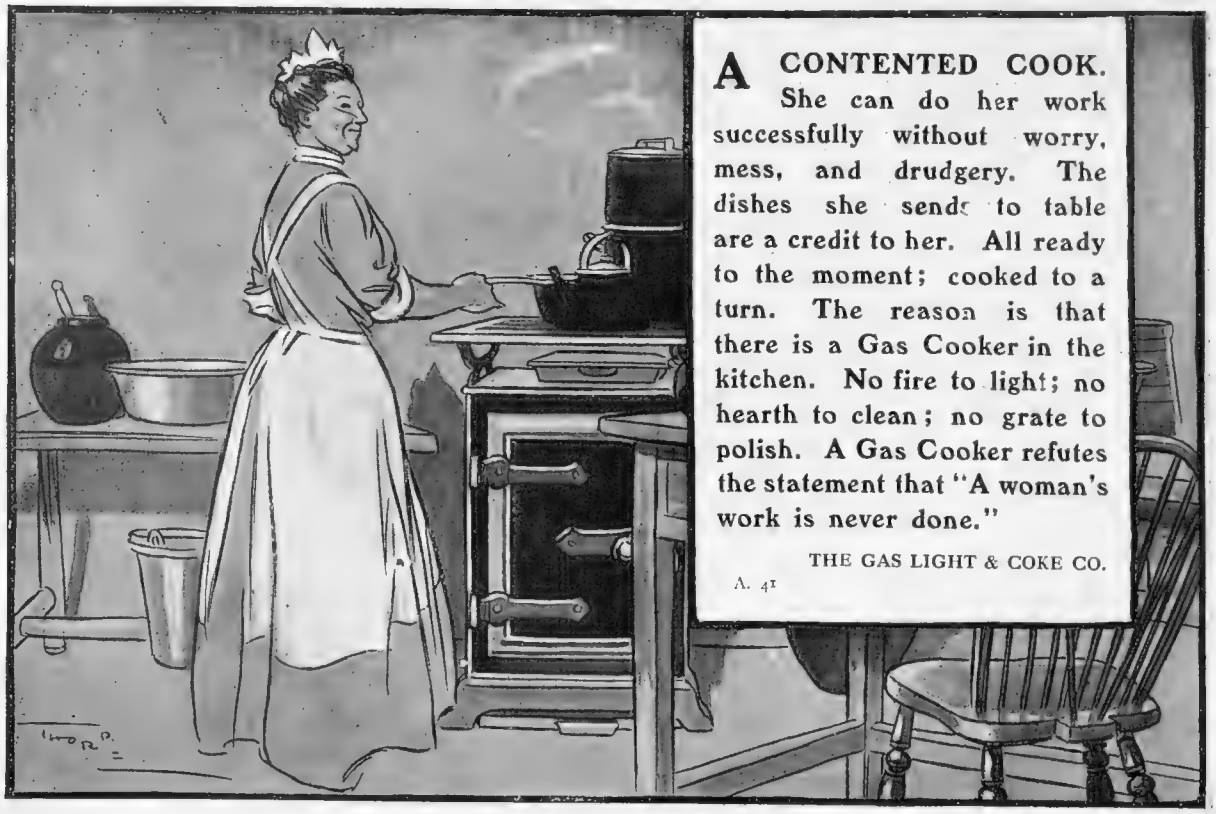
YOU PUT IT IN HOT—YOU TAKE IT OUT HOT.
YOU PUT IT IN COLD—YOU TAKE IT OUT COLD.

THE THERMOS FLASKS Stand for Hot or Cold AT YOUR WILL.

Most purses can afford **6/6**, the cost of a THERMOS "SIMPLEX."

Thermos Flasks, Jugs, and Cans, in Leather, Black Metal, Nickel, Aluminium, and Silver, from **6s. 6d. to £10 10s.**

Sold by your Chemist, Ironmonger, Jeweller, Fancy Dealer, or Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. None Genuine without "THERMOS" on them.
Wholesale only: Messrs. A. E. GUTMANN & Co., 6, Long Lane, E.C.



A CONTENTED COOK.
She can do her work successfully without worry, mess, and drudgery. The dishes she sends to table are a credit to her. All ready to the moment; cooked to a turn. The reason is that there is a Gas Cooker in the kitchen. No fire to light; no hearth to clean; no grate to polish. A Gas Cooker refutes the statement that "A woman's work is never done."

THE GAS LIGHT & COKE CO.

A. 41

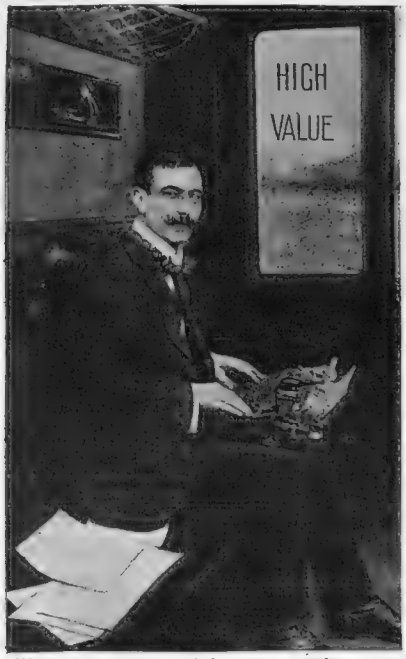
THE NEW FEATHER-WEIGHT TYPEWRITER

FOR THE TRAVELLER AND THE HOME.

Free One Week Trials in Your Own Home.

LATELY there have been appearing in our advertising columns several announcements of the new Aluminium Blickensderfer Typewriter, popularly known as "The Feather-Weight Blick," because of its extreme light weight and portability. It shines like silver. It is compact and as durable as the heavy office typewriters which cost more than twice as much. The proprietors have so devised that this little travelling secretary can be carried from place to place in its own little leather case or in an ordinary dressing or Gladstone bag especially for the convenience of travellers, whether on business or pleasure. The Managing Director of the "Blickensderfer" Company, whose offices are at 9, Cheapside, London, E.C., informed a representative that so enormous has been the demand for this new Feather-Weight Blick-Secretary that it has been a difficult matter to keep pace with the many requests received for free trials.

If you possess a Blick you simply pack it in its case, in which there are compartments for stationery, letters to be answered, etc., and when you are comfortably seated in your carriage you take out your Feather-Weight Secretary, place it on your knee, and type your letters (making copies of important letters in the one operation), and when you have reached your destination an otherwise tedious though pleasurable duty is done—done during moments of travel which otherwise would have hung heavily on your hands — done with as much ease as though you were in your own private office. Many ladies who have a confidential maid or secretary merely dictate their letters while they are plainly and neatly typed on the new Aluminium Blick, a bright, compact, and durable machine, which does not and cannot get out of order, a feature which war correspondents, journalists, the army and navy, and commercial travellers have long since learned to appreciate. Further, there is a complete absence of the usually messy ribbon.



When you are seated in your carriage you simply take your Blick from your case and write your letters as comfortable as though you were in your own private office.

How annoying is it to have hurriedly written a letter which cannot be deciphered by the receiver, and possibly the writer he or she himself after they have forgotten its contents. It is for this especial reason that Editors return manuscripts, commercial travellers lose orders—as busy men are too impatient to read hand-written letters—clergymen stumble over their notes when delivering a sermon, or public speakers falter when reading a speech that otherwise might have captivated their audience.

By special arrangement readers can now have one of the Typewriters sent to their home for a free one week's trial. Further, the Company guarantees to teach every purchaser to use the machine in less than half an hour, so simple is its construction.

The address to write for a Free Week's Trial of the Feather-Weight Secretary is The Blickensderfer Company, Ltd. (Trial Folio 141), 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Debenham & Freebody.
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W

Famous for over a Century for Taste for Quality for Value

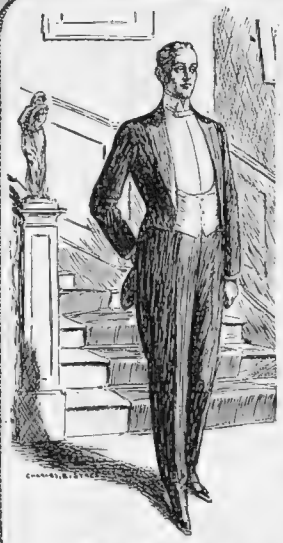
FUR SUBSTITUTES

We have in stock a very large selection of imitation furs. These substitutes for Persian Lamb, Caracul, Musquash, and other furs are so skilfully produced as in many cases to be practically indistinguishable without very close inspection from real fur. They are very light in weight, warm and becoming, and of course much less expensive than the real furs of which they are such successful reproductions. The under-mentioned are typical examples.

Coat *(as sketch)*, in best quality seal plush, lined through with soft shades of contrasting satin, an exact copy of a French model.

7½ Gns.

GOOD TAILORING
At Moderate Prices



. . First-Class Style and Quality of Workmanship—strictly moderate prices—personal attention to customers' requirements—snugness of surroundings—these are the dominant features which characterise our business, and which have woven round us a large Clientèle of men of refined taste who are not disposed to pay extravagant prices for their clothes, and who like to deal at an establishment where they can obtain all the advantages of the most exclusive tailors in London at prices not usually associated with West-End Tailoring.

DRESS SUIT
From £5, Nett Cash.

FROM
Morning Coat & Vest 63/-
Lounge Suit 63/-
Overcoat 63/-

Send a Postcard for Styles and Price List.

B. Cubitt & Co
TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS
Established 1860
FIRST FLOOR **223, Oxford St. London, W.**
(Close to Oxford Circus Tube Station.)

WES

GAMAGES

Annual Autumn Clearance of

Motor Clothing

to make room for New Season Goods, many of the following lines are being cleared at less than Cost Price. This is an exceptional opportunity to secure your Winter Motor Coat at Bargain Prices.

We specially draw your attention to our Greatly Reduced Prices in the well-known "Motura" Coat, suitable for any weather, wet or dry, hot or cold.

Well Tailored. Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Fig. 1.
The Leather Lining ready to attach.

Fig. 2.
Attaching it. The finishing of the operation.

Fig. 3.
The Coat complete, with Leather Lining fixed inside the Coat.

The "Motura" Coat.

Perfect cut and finish. Very full and comfortable. The leather lining is attached by a convenient form of fastening. It is easily "stripped" off when the weather suddenly turns mild, and the Coat without the lining is thought to give sufficient warmth.

Easily inserted again when driving in the evening chill, etc.

Every mail brings us repeat orders for this Coat. It is the only really practical Motor Coat on the market.

38 real **Irish Frieze Motura Coats,** in Greys and smart fancy patterns. Lined Chrome Leather throughout. Body lining detachable. A Bargain that should not be missed. Patterns post free. **62/9**

29 real Irish Frieze Motura Coats, in Greys, and smart designs and colourings. Lined best Chrome Leather throughout. Body lining detachable. Marvellous value. Patterns post free. **75/9**

32 best quality real **Irish Frieze Motura Coats,** in Greys, and all the latest styles and colourings. Lined selected tan Cape Leather throughout. Body lining detachable. Order these early and secure the best. Patterns post free. **97/9**

Please give size round chest over waistcoat when ordering Motor-Coats.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ld.,
HOLBORN, E.C.

Dœuillet

25, Albemarle Street, London, W.
18, Place Vendôme Paris.

Robes.
Manteaux.
Fourrures.
Manteaux de Cour.

"SUDAN FOR SUNSHINE"

Sudan Government Railways and Steamers.

LONDON to KHARTOUM in 8 Days

Dining, Sleeping and Boudoir Cars on all Tourist Trains.

TWO Express Corridor Trains-de-Luxe

Every week during Winter Season, connecting with the NEW EXPRESS SUDAN GOVERNMENT STEAMERS, the Nile Steamship Services and the Egyptian State Railways.

Also **Weekly Service in connection with the Khedivial Mail Steamers via Suez and Port Sudan.**

Particularly in the Winter Season the climate is delightful, dry and warm without oppressiveness. The country is free from mosquitos and other insect pests so prevalent in most Winter resorts. At night the splendour of the southern moon rivals the brilliancy of the sun by day.

Illustrated Handbook and Particulars sent, post free, on application to
THOMAS COOK & SON, London, Paris and Cairo; HAMBURG & ANGLO-AMERICAN NILE STEAMSHIP CO., London, Paris and Cairo; KHEDIVIAL MAIL STEAMSHIP CO., London, Alexandria and Suez;
Or to any of the leading European and United States Tourist Agencies.

KHARTOUM AND THE BATTLEFIELD OF OMDURMAN, THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE SUDAN. BIG GAME SHOOTING.

BEDFORD

FAMOUS
15-18 h.p.
CHASSIS
4-cyl., with Magneto

£175

3 YEARS' GUARANTEE

BEDFORD MOTORS, Ltd., Bedford House, 136-137, Long Acre, W.C.

AN IDEAL COAT for AUTUMN WEAR.

We illustrate Model No. 1608, a very light-weight Fleece Coat, lined Squirrel Lock, cut with large armholes and strap at back.

PRICE:

16 Gns.

We have the largest stock of Motor Clothing and accessories in the world. Catalogue sent free on request.

DUNHILL'S

MANCHESTER: 89, Cross St. 2, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W. GLASGOW: 72, St. Vincent St.

SHOOLBRED'S

Perfect Fitting Shirt.

No. B 38

We illustrate one of the new pretty Models, a fully tucked Shirt in British washing silk. It has a smartly snaped "stock" collar finished with a Rabat, dark ground with white stripes. Sets of patterns sent free. 10/9

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

killed some of that keenness? Directly, I think not. Any number of factors may operate to the detriment of any affection for a horse, and the interest to be obtained from the exercise of it. Motoring may be one, but I see no reason for it, nor obvious evidence of it. Motoring is of itself a great game, I grant, but—there are others. At the worst the car *per se* takes its place in this regard with those others—from bridge to big-game shooting. It cannot be specially singled out for obloquy. Put that little to the debit side of the car if you will, but on the other side of the ledger enter the undoubted contribution it makes to the advantage not only of the sport of hunting, but of a number of others also.

The Curtain at Brooklands

Brooklands car-racing season closed on Wednesday last in golden weather (characteristically Brooklandsian), and with a great afternoon's sport on the track and in the sky—which Gilmour, on a Blériot monoplane in a duration flight, occupied for practically the whole time of the meeting; Blondeau, on Mrs. Grace Bird's Farman biplane, also making a good long, but much less spectacular, effort. On the track Mr. G. O. Herbert's 20.1 h.-p. Singer got among the prizes, and, skilfully driven, came home first in each of three (out of four) events it entered for, winning fairly comfortably at speeds of over 78 m.p.h. every time. It was a finely meritorious effort, upon which both owner and makers have real cause for satisfaction. It is not the début of the Singer at Brooklands by any means, but it is the first time this engine of high revolution has demonstrated its capacity for speed so emphatically. The result will be welcomed by followers of car-racing very cheerfully. We are in some need of more new blood, and every extra drop will make for augmented interest. The Singer's success is, moreover, a further expression of the case for races (as a means to the maintenance of the sporting side of automobilism, as well as a business stimulant) which I have laboured several times in these columns already. Undoubtedly, and however much the pseudo-puritan in sport may cavil, the winning of a race against some of the best cars on the market is a fine advertisement for that car, and an advertisement for which many excellent machines, which have not yet been able to secure an adequate measure of public attention, stand in greater need than the Singer. However, we need not point that moral again this week. It is sufficient to note that its last meeting was certainly not the least of Brookland's successful essays, and served to bring the curtain down very effectively upon what has been, on the whole, a very satisfactory season.

Miscellanea

Adler cars have been awarded the Prix d'Honneur at the Brussels Exhibition. It was the expected happening, but not the less gratifying, therefore, to the sole concessionnaires in the United Kingdom, Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., whose splendid coachwork always adds distinction to this most efficient vehicle.

The accident to the balloon "Continental" No. 1 at Roydon, near Epping, was due to the valve at the top of the balloon being accidentally entirely pulled out. It involves no reflection at all upon the material in the balloon, which was fabric of the well-known and widely used Continental manufacture.

BEST FOR CROSS-COUNTRY WORK.

'They possess those physical qualities which render them impervious to autumn conditions.'

THE DUNLOP TYRE CO., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W

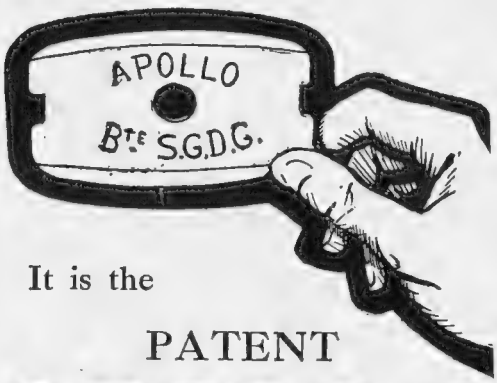
The golf ball that suits the pros.—the Dunlop "Junior"—delights every amateur.

THIS

RIGID BLADE

With Curved Edges and Rounded Angles

EXPLAINS ITSELF



It is the

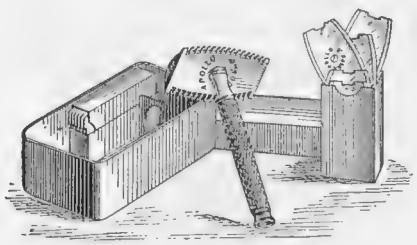
PATENT

APOLLO BLADE

It will Shave you well, quickly and economically.

NO OTHER BLADE LIKE IT

To be had of all Cutlers, Stores, Ironmongers, etc.



THE

"Apollo Razor"

With one dozen PATENT BLADES

Is supplied in a Solid Metal Box, Nickel-plated, containing a Gilt or Silver-plated Razor and Twelve Blades, put up in two compact Metallic Boxes. Full size, 3⅝ x 1¾ x 1⅛ inch.

PRICE 21/-

Depot General for Great Britain and Colonies:

M. LORME & CO.,
9, Bread Street Hill, London, E.C.

SIMPITROL

AIR-GAS LIGHTING SYSTEMS

Have you considered the question of HOUSE LIGHTING and WARMING?

If not, it behoves you to do so without delay now that the long winter evenings are approaching.

"Simpitrol" Air-Gas Lighting Systems offer you the

BRIGHTEST, CHEAPEST, SAFEST, and HEALTHIEST LIGHT AVAILABLE

Any child can operate the plant, which works almost automatically. No less than 15 HOURS 60 CANDLE-POWER LIGHT IS OBTAINABLE FOR ONE PENNY. Approved by Fire Insurance Companies. No hissing at the burners; Odourless; Non-injurious.

We will gladly send a representative with working model to demonstrate "Simpitrol" merits on request.

Dept. "K."

BRITISH & COLONIAL LIGHTING CO., Ltd.
SIMPITROL BUILDING,
216, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.C. C.D.C.

Here is a Razor men love. The

CLEMAK 5/-

Safety Razor

"Why pay a Guinea?"

You cannot get finer razor steel, whatever you pay. There's nothing intricate in a CLEMAK—nothing unnecessary or fanciful to run up the cost. That's why you can get a CLEMAK for

5/-

Ask your dealer for a CLEMAK.

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CLEMAK Blades can be stropped and will last for years.

The 5/- Outfit

Comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and stropping attachment, with seven perfect CLEMAK Blades in silk-lined wooden case.

CLEMAK STROPPING MACHINE (INCLUDING STROP) 3/6

CLEMAK Booklet Post Free.

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London.

The Menu: EMERGENCY DISHES

(A Few Hints for supplementing the Menu when an unexpected guest turns up for luncheon or dinner)

Vinaigrette of Beef

An excellent emergency dish made from cold beef. Slice thinly, or roughly mince, either roast or boiled beef, place it in a salad dish, sprinkle it with minced chervil, chives or shallots, cress, a little chopped parsley, sliced gherkins, and some anchovy fillets; prepare a French dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, and pour this over, but do not stir it up till it is helped at table. Put a border of salad round the meat, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Curried Prawns

These can be quickly prepared if you have a bottle or tin of prawns at hand. For the curry sauce, chop an onion and a few slices of apple finely and fry them in 2oz. of butter. Stir in half a dessertspoonful of curry-powder and the same of flour. Salt to taste. Add a quarter of a pint of stock or milk, cook gently for twenty minutes, put all through a sieve, stir in the prawns, return all into the stewpan, add a few drops of lemon-juice, and when heated through serve, with a border of Patna rice.

Macaroni Cheese

Boil 2oz. or 3oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, and drain it well. Put 2oz. of butter into a stewpan, and stir in the macaroni, also some freshly grated cheese and white pepper. Mix well together, sprinkling in plenty of cheese. Stir well, and serve in a very hot dish.

A Game Salad

This can be made of chicken or any kind of game. The joints should be cut neatly and allowed to marinade in a dish with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, to which is added finely minced shallot, cress, and chervil. Arrange some small lettuce hearts cut in two round the dish, put the joints in the centre, mixing with them some quartered hard-boiled eggs, small pickled onions, capers, and any such tasty adjuncts as you have at hand. Finally, pour the remainder of the marinade over. For the above recipe, the proportions for the marinade should be two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to six tablespoonfuls of salad oil. The black pepper should be freshly ground.

Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce

This is excellent, and may be used as a second-course vegetable or as a savoury. Boil some spaghetti, drain it, and mix it well with some tomato sauce or purée in a saucepan, turn out on a hot dish, and hand grated cheese with it.

Buttered Eggs and Fish

Melt 1oz. of butter, and add to it in the pan four eggs (well beaten), two tablespoonfuls of cooked fish (shredded), two tablespoonfuls of milk, and half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence. Stir well over the fire till it is thick. Put into a small deep china dish, and garnish round the edge with sippets of fried bread.

A Fruit Salad

This salad, made of fresh or canned fruit, or a mixture of both, cut in neat slices or pieces, may be made in a few minutes; such a mixture as the remains of a cut melon, some bananas, pears, grapes (peeled and stoned), with a few chunks of pineapple with some rich syrup and a small glass of maraschino or Curaçoa, or even a glass of claret. Though any fruits may be used, it is absolutely necessary that there is no over-ripe, green, or decayed portion allowed in the salad. The dish should be placed in a cool place or on ice till required. EMILIA.

The Verdict

The verdict of the doctors at the recent medical conference was that pure lactic acid cultures properly taken are of immense benefit to health. St. Ivel Cheese (Lactic) contains these cultures (the Bacillus Bulgaricus) in their best and most active form. The daily consumption of St. Ivel Cheese keeps the system in splendid condition by eliminating the poisons that other foods create.

APLIN & BARRETT
YEOVIL

Ask your Doctor!

St. Ivel Cheese

LACTIC

"The Pride of the West Countrie."

6½d. each, from grocers and dairymen. Sample cheese and booklet sent on receipt of 9d. Aplin & Barrett, Etc., Ltd., Yeovil.

A VISIT TO SANDOW'S

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MAN OR WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH.

An Important Opportunity for London and Country Readers to Investigate the Natural Method of Curing Illness, Without Any Expense, with a view to Learning Whether it Provides the Remedy Required in Their Own Cases.

MR. EUGEN SANDOW

IN the interests of the very considerable number of readers of THE BYSTANDER who are watching the remarkable advance daily being made in the practice of physical culture as a cure for a large number of illnesses, this account of the Sandow method has been prepared. It will enable sufferers to judge whether or no they might perhaps themselves try this undoubtedly highly beneficial form of treatment, which has been so successful in curing various forms of illness that at the present time there are no fewer than 600 or 700 practising doctors who include amongst their prescriptions for certain ailments advice to "take a course of Sandow's exercise," which is regarded amongst medical men as the most important adjunct of modern medical science.

What Mr. Sandow Claims to Cure

Mr. Sandow does not claim that his system can cure everything. For the present he states that at his headquarters in St. James' Street, London, S.W., he has during recent years had a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdown of varied types in both men and women, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and Circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Chest and Lung Weakness, Physical Deformities, and Spinal Curvatures, Kidney Disorders, the Special Ailments of Women, and cases of general physical deficiency, and that his uniform success in dealing with these by natural means, viz., specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise without having resort to drugs, has amply proved that his method is the surest cure in such illnesses.

No Weight-Lifting or Strenuous Exertions

There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. There are no heavy weights to lift, no strenuous exertions to be made, the treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child of five or a man or woman of eighty-five years of age. Take the instance of the man or woman whose nervous and digestive systems are both in a bad state, and see what the treatment means in such a case. Upon calling at the Sandow Institute the inquirer is immediately impressed with the earnestness with which Mr. Sandow's establishment is conducted. Almost immediately the caller is shown into a consulting-room and is receiving a sympathetic hearing, punctuated only by a few pertinent questions, always to the point, and displaying an immediate intuitive insight to the trouble. If the case is one which will be benefited by scientific exercise the course which is considered best for the patient will be suggested.

The Gentlest Movements Often the Most Curative

If, as is usually the case, the sufferer decides to adopt the suggestions (which there is no obligation whatever to do unless so desired), then a first lesson in the exercises may be taken at once. The exercises, which are not arranged upon any set rule, but are chosen to meet the requirements of each patient's individual case, have a double effect and intention, and are skilfully and scientifically designed, not only to strengthen weak organs, but concurrently they encourage concentration of the mind and the building up of the will power. On the latter point Mr. Sandow places great importance.

A Careful Method

In every instance the exercises are carefully graduated to exactly accord with the strength and condition of the patient, and there is no possibility of a strain. How carefully they are regulated to the requirements of the most delicate men, women, and children may be gathered from the fact that medical men are regularly sending heart cases for his treatment.

To the man who has led a strenuous life, either at home or in one of the Services abroad, and who at the age of forty-five or fifty naturally looks forward to a healthy middle age, but finds, as so many do, that his vigour is distinctly on the wane, that the trials to which he has subjected his system in either work or pleasure are now beginning to have a marked effect upon his health and strength, Mr. Sandow's science is invaluable. There is no other way in which youth may be so surely and pleasantly maintained or renewed.

The Most Successful Cure

Mr. Sandow proudly lays claim to the fact that under his method a greater proportion of cures is brought about than by any other known treatment. Some while back *Truth* newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated at the Sandow Institute, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of ninety-nine cases out of every hundred accepted for treatment received substantial benefit, and that ninety-four in every hundred entirely achieved the desired object.

All who desire a consultation—and no doubt they will be many—are invited to call at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and if the visitor can be accepted, and decides to take a course of treatment, the fees are quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

For Those Unable to Call

It is typical of the thoroughness of the method which Mr. Sandow has organised to save those who cannot call trouble in inquiring into the suitability of their case for treatment by Scientific Physical Culture at home that he has produced the following twenty-four small illustrated volumes dealing with certain illnesses and conditions amenable to his treatment:

1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2. Constipation and its Cure.
3. Liver Troubles.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
6. Obesity in Men.
7. Obesity in Women.
8. Heart Affections.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anaemia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.
17. Circulatory Disorders.
18. Skin Disorders.
19. Physical Development for Men.
20. Everyday Health.
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22. Figure Culture for Women.
23. Insomnia.
24. Neurasthenia.

A copy of whichever book is desired will be sent gratis and post free to any reader who writes, mentioning this article in THE BYSTANDER, to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and, if full particulars of inquirer's age, occupation, duration of illness or condition on which advice is required are given, the book will be accompanied by a letter giving a personal opinion upon the case.

The LONDON CORSET Co.

28, New Bond St., W.

We are Corset Experts, and there is not a figure that we cannot fit and improve. Our Corsets are of the finest materials and workmanship, and the wear of every pair is guaranteed.

Finest Striped

COUTILLE CORSET

(see sketch)

low in bust and very long on hips, its beauty of outline and durability are unsurpassable.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

The Crystallising of Autumnal Modes

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said any longer that the fashions determined in the autumn are an established fact for six months—*La Mode* moving far more rapidly nowadays—still, there remains a certain interesting import in a moment that puts the closure on ephemeralities and ushers in velvets and furs.

The whole world of femininity, from the humblest member, whose purchases are marked by the tell-tale three farthings, to the *grande dame*, who only thinks in hundreds, is bubbling with excitement over autumn clothes. To the chronicler of modes, whose point of vantage must necessarily be unique, it is always amusing to watch the various poses of seriousness with which women take themselves where dress is concerned. But throughout all the changes and diversities of Fashion, one fact remains steadfast, that only those who impart a certain personal note to all and everything they wear really stand out as *élégantes*. And if ever the personal note was needed it is now. But the personal note, let it be borne in mind, is an inherent thing. No amount of money will buy it, and it is, more often than not, revealed in connection with a quite modest expenditure. After which piece of moralising let me to business.

There is no longer any doubt but that the predominant note struck will be the picturesque, exemplified in an extravagant revival of the First Empire vogues. The short—indeed, it may be said the very short—slim skirts and high waists comprise the recognised silhouette for day wear, the head tucked away in some great high-crowned toque, after the style of those rendered familiar by the pictures of Hoppner. And to some women it will be given to look the epitome of charm in such attire, while others will merely excite scorn and derision. Courage, *chères amies*, is a first essential, and a facing of the fact that these extraordinarily simple, *ingenue* types of dresses are the result only of an extravagant expenditure. It is wholly impossible to do them on the cheap.

A Beautiful Stole and Muff of Russian Sable
(Sketched by Dorothy Miller at Messrs. Poland's, 190, Oxford Street, W.)

An Alliance of Velveteen, Chiffon, and Fur

Beautiful exceedingly are the favourite three-piece costumes effected in this triple alliance. An exquisite example was exemplified in one of the new rich red shades, the velveteen skirt hemmed with two lines of skunk, and arranged Princesse with a tiny bib corsage that melted into a filmy upper part of lace and chiffon. With this there went a coat of tucked red chiffon, the feature of which was a great cape collar of skunk.

There is much diversity of opinion among our autocratic *couturières* as to the relative merits of *satine feutre* and velveteen. Some there are who declare wholly in favour of this new wool-back satin, which others—and one great authority in particular—aver is too cold-looking for winter. But the latter, to me, seems a slightly futile excuse in the face of the acceptance of chiffon.

Another adorable material that goes to the fashioning of some

delightfully elegant little gowns is a velvet-striped *crêpe de Chine*. As may be imagined, the velvet stripes give the appearance of weight, an illusion entirely dispelled when the material is handled. I would I could adequately depict the seductions of a deep Japan-blue confection fashioned of this velvet-striped *crêpe de Chine*. At the hem of the short Empire skirt there came three narrow lines of dark-brown fur, the waist being set in with a scintillation of fulness, below an extremely deep belt of folded black satin that passed in front through two large square, embroidered buckles. The corsage was a mere incident cut at the neck into a funny little oblong, outlined with white Malines lace, and resting on a chemisette of fine ivory ring-spot net, ornamented with a serried line of the tiniest rose-coloured satin buttons, the latter repeated up the back of a deep cuff of satin that concluded the elbow-sleeve.

A Departure in Seal Musquash Coats

Modesty forbids that I should dictate to my betters. But I would not for something be in the shoes of those who have laid in heavy stocks of the "Noah's Ark" seal musquash and seal coney coats. The fancy has been drawn out to attenuation, and I have grave doubts as to the possibility of even giving these wraps away in the course of a month or so. In this frame of belief it was a pleasurable change to be regaled, as was my privilege, at Messrs. S. Poland and Sons, 190, Oxford Street, by a selection of beautiful seal and seal musquash models that never in a single instance recalled the above despised vogue. Without in any way adding to the bulk, Poland is giving his long seal paletots an infinitely more graceful and shapely aspect. Sometimes this is achieved by slashing up the sides to within a short distance of the bend of the hips. Again such treatments are resorted to as drawing in the fulness to the figure at the back by two cordings, while almost without exception are great fur-covered buttons selected in preference to those of extraneous character. If criticism born of a wide experience goes for anything, I can assure Messrs. Poland their seal and seal musquash models will stand out immeasurably above their fellows.

Full authentication is afforded here, too, of the vogue for caracul and broadtail, elegant seven-eighth length coats to which an attractive shapeliness is imparted through the medium of a panel back, appealing as persuasively *chic*. To those about to buy sables I would urge a visit being paid to 190, Oxford Street during the coming week, when an exhibition will be held devoted exclusively to this regal *pelt*, both Canadian and Russian. This is an event entirely unique of its kind and epoch-making in the fur world.

In addition to made-up garments of every description there will be thousands of skins to choose from, perfect picked specimens that connoisseurs will immediately recognise as of consummate worth.

A magnificent cape of Russian sable, arranged in shawl points, has a deep *volant* with the skins worked horizontally; it is a treat even to inspect such an exquisite production. And of Russian sable, again, is the stole and muff illustrated. The distinctive feature of this set is the fashioning of the skins in separated strands. In the case of the stole, the width is two skins wide, while for the muff six skins are used, mounted quite loosely over a bag. It is worthy of note that only the pads and tails are used for decoration.

A Word About Hunting Habits, Riding Hats, and a New Stock Tie

It is ingrained in me, as an Englishwoman, to approach the discussion of hunting habits in a more or less reverent spirit. It is attire so replete with important detail, and we have assuredly the authorities of the world to apply to on the subject. In the forefront of leadership there is Mr. Thomas, of 6, Brook Street, a great master in this strictest of strict sartorialism. A chat with him is always an enlivening and instructive event. It is, therefore,

"Ride-Astride" Habits at Mr. Thomas's, Brook Street

The illustration shows the effect of the "Ride-Astride" when mounted and dismounted, while the third occupant of the group wears the Thomas Safety Side-Saddle Skirt

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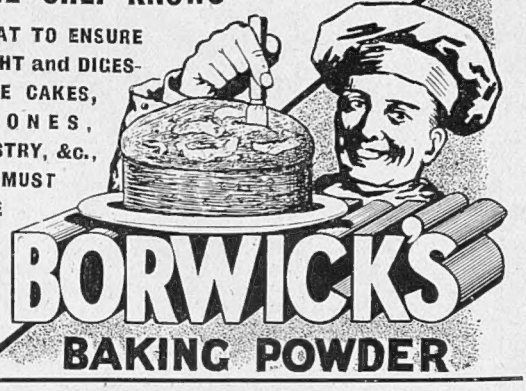

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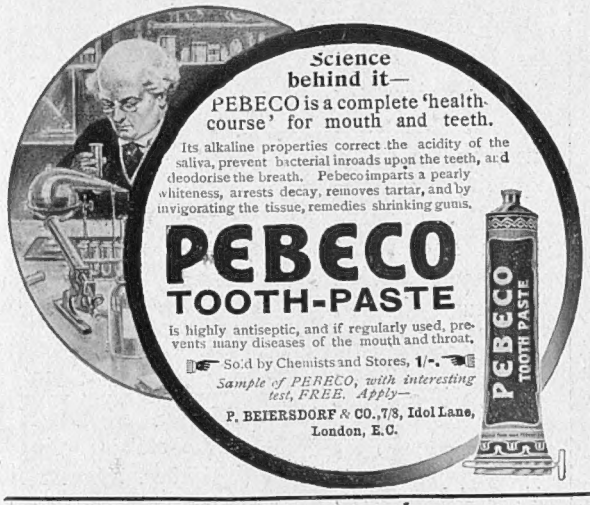

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of significance to learn that the pendulum of fashionable hunting approval has swung round again in favour of very dark blue for habits. Striped angolas are chiefly patronised by Mr. Thomas, and he has a range of choice calculated to meet the most exigent demands.

The advance of the "Ride-Astride" habit is slow, but, so say those who know, it is equally sure. Probably the whole force of the departure will not be felt until the present younger members of the community have arrived. Mr. Thomas's early recognition of it is now world-wide knowledge, and once again we are privileged pictorially to emphasise its claims, the accompanying illustration showing the effect of the habit when mounted and dismounted. The third occupant of the group wears Mr. Thomas's safety side-saddle skirt. In the case of both models a feature is made of the long lapel, to secure the now decreed elongated sweep of front. Interest also centres round the fact that in the above-mentioned striped angola three distinct and separate weights are now produced. For the "Ride-Astride" the medium is mostly in request, while the heaviest is especially recommended for hard hunting wear, accompanied by the lightest weight for the coat.

An Original Design for an Evening Toilette

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar and fully described by Mrs. Jack May on page xxiv.)

The "Brook" cravat is a real inspiration. Needless to say, this conforms to the approved bunched-out appearance, which is arrived at by the very simplest methods. Who that has wrestled with the old-time heavy knot and slipped-under end will ever forget the horrors of the initial essay? I have seen a room strewn with cravats, and naughty words, and the hapless owner in a condition bordering on frenzy. But the "Brook" cravat will change all that, and meets will be attended in a beautiful moral frame of mind. For "cubbing" only are these cravats allowed to have a coloured stripe, the more serious sport of hunting stag and fox necessitating the regulation pure white.

An unwritten law, again, rules headgear. Hunting bowler hats have low crowns, bordering on the square, and wide, straight brims, just curling a scintillation at the edge. For ordinary riding a shape frequently adopted has a brim

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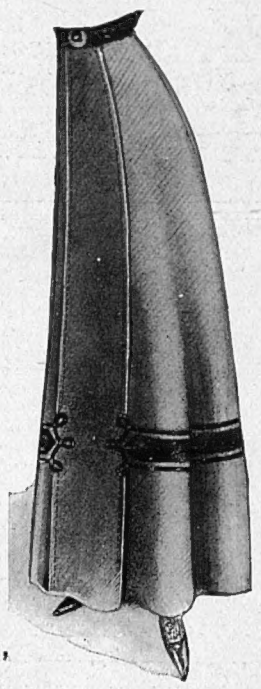

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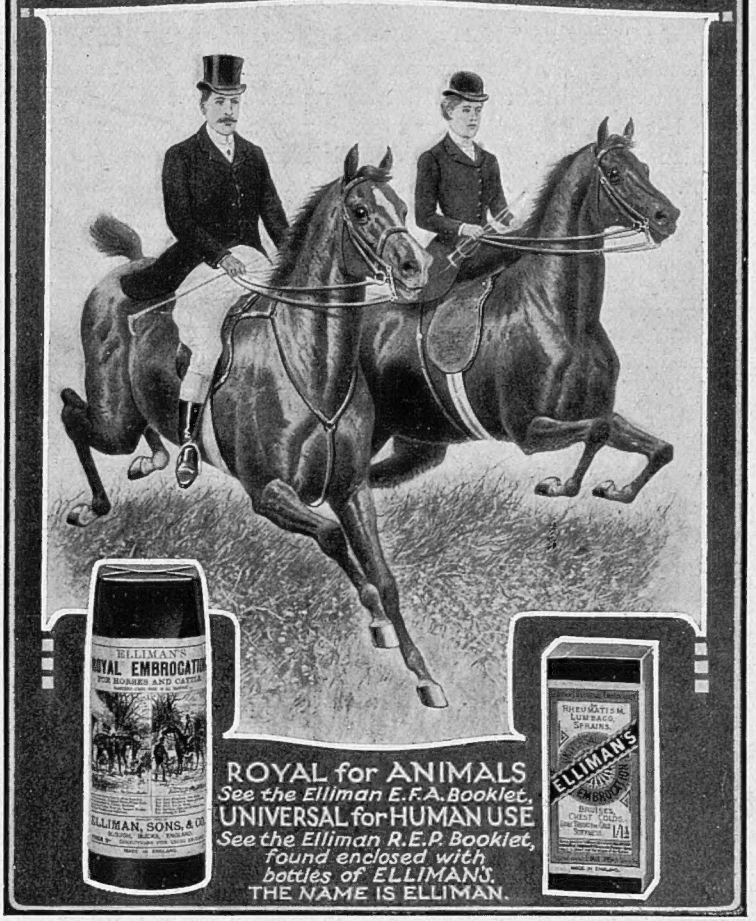

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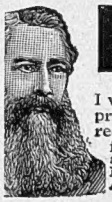

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yclept mushroom, the downward curve, however, is the merest suggestion, but provides just one of those trifles that means so much in every detail of sporting attire. And there is an age-limit—another unwritten law—for this so-called mushroom, which is reached at eighteen or twenty.

An "Ingénue" Note in Evening Gowns

Those of us who have, unfortunately, passed this stage have yet to learn in what way we have sinned to be left so entirely out of the reckoning by the great Parisian *couturières*. The only thing left for us is to adapt. And adaptations, as we all know, invariably lose the piquancy of the story. All of which is by the way, and nothing whatever to do with what I have to tell about the approved *décolletage*. This is the *Ingenue* note referred to, and it bids fair to carry the whole world of fashion-loving women before it.

You will find it quite moderately expressed in Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original design for an evening toilette. The scheme of colouring selected is the most delicate sea-green imaginable, *ninon* of the tenderest *vert* shade being mounted over grey, which in its turn veils white, these beautiful sea-nymph tones being all picked up and accentuated in the Persian drapery of green and silver silken brocade. The latter, indeed, provided the text for the gown, and doubtless there are others possessed of a similar treasure that would serve a like artistic end. In the extravagantly transparent corsage there is expressed the essentially right touch, the line of the high *décolletage* broken by soft *fichu* draperies, which fall either side a tiny vest of the brocade.

The renowned Poiret has been chiefly instrumental in advancing the claims of this modest neck line. And he it is, also, who is responsible for the Greek peplum style, a distinctly fascinating venture that is bound to have a big *succès* with the women who have the courage and contour to affect the *Ingénue* pose.

We have, perhaps, never been asked to accept so absolutely simple a vogue as this Greek peplum, fashioned of *ninon*, and terminating short of the knees, while the correct high-waist line is determined by a deep belt of barbaric character, usually of some heavy gold embroidery wrought with mock gems. A model submitted to me commenced with a perfectly plain skirt of deep ivory satin, merely finished at the foot with a deep visibly stitched hem, over which fell a peplum of cobalt-blue, stitched with the tiniest gold fringe—quite the most primitive thing in fringes, as was, equally in its way, the rather clumsy looking *ceinture*. Above this a certain license was taken, a *chinois* cut replacing the orthodox chemise bodice, with its paucity of sleeve. But, on the other hand, the high *décolletage* found significant emphasis outlined with a narrow gold trimming, again with something suggestively primitive in its appearance.

I have just received notice that an exhibition of Paris afternoon and evening gowns will be held at Messrs. Martial and Armand, 125, New Bond Street, from October 17 to 22.

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See Medical Times, June 26, 1909.

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